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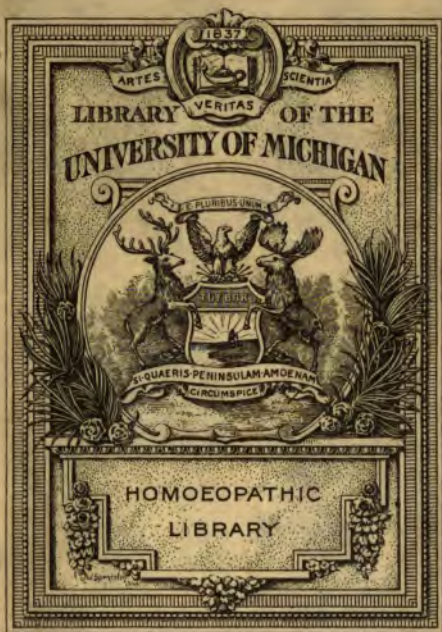
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DOCTOR LOWE'S SACRIFICE;

OR, THE

TRIUMPH OF HOMŒOPATHY.



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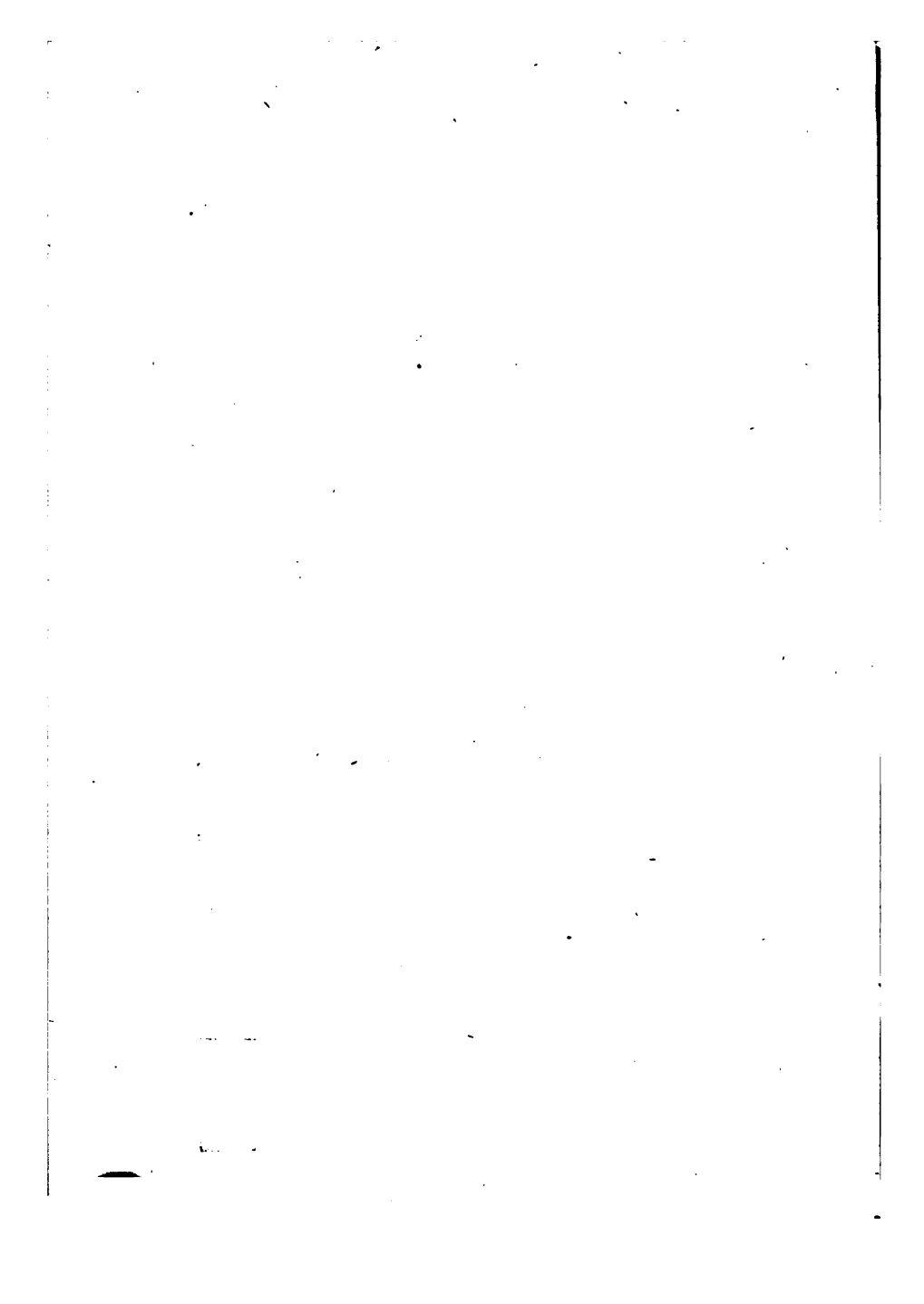
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PREFACE.

THE advocacy of Homœopathy has been left very much to medical works and magazines. Tractates have been issued for the purpose of popularising the principle, and expounding the operation, of the Law of Similars. But very few works set forth the general facts, combat erroneous opinions and prejudices, and controvert objections which are raised against the system.

This work presents in a narrative form what has actually occurred. While the names are fictitious, the characters are not; while it may be said that no one person had such an experience as is here recorded, it is replied that the experiences of several persons are put together, that a general view of Homœopathy may be given in what, it is hoped, will prove to readers an interesting style. Less care, however, has been taken to produce a telling tale, than to make accurate representations of the truth.





DOCTOR LOWE'S SACRIFICE.

CHAPTER I.

MRS. FRASER'S DEFENCE OF HOMŒOPATHY AND ITS RESULTS.

“How do you do, Mrs. Jamieson?” said an elderly lady to an intimate friend of hers. “How very sorry I am to hear of your trouble, very sorry indeed,” and the speaker’s tone as well as her look bespoke the sympathy she expressed. “I only heard of your bereavement to-day, on my return from the country. How is Mr. Jamieson? How does he bear this sore trial?”

“He is not very well; he is quite broken down in spirits. Our two little pets were taken from us within four days by the *Croup*.”

“How dreadful! They were of such an engaging age, too. Did they suffer much?”

“Very much; and then to add to their sufferings, there seemed to be no end of torture for our darlings,—hot baths, mustard plasters, leeches, and physic. Dear

little Alfred kept saying, 'Don't burney, papa; don't burney, mamma; I be good boy; don't burney.' " *

At the recollection of the poor little fellow's sufferings, she broke into a violent fit of weeping, which was distressing to witness. When she had somewhat recovered herself, she continued: "Our dear little Effie was taken ill on Sunday morning, and although we had the doctor to her immediately, his treatment was ineffectual, and she gradually sank and died that night. Dear Alfred was next taken ill. Being a strong boy, he struggled with the disease for four days. Oh, what anxious days they were to us! How our hearts were filled with hope one moment, only to be disappointed the next! I can endure the thought of his death with calmness, for I know that He who doeth all things well has wisely ordered the event; but the recollection of what the poor little fellow suffered will, I am sure,

* In one of the best and most recent allopathic works on the diseases of children, general bleeding, to the amount of three ounces in a child one or two years old, is recommended in Croup; and yet it is added that the relief thus afforded is "but temporary, and unless followed by other remedies, the symptoms will often regain their utmost intensity in the course of four or six hours." This is certainly a most expensive use of a child's life-blood—the very substance which is to sustain him under the disease. And when this is to be followed by local bleeding (leeches), powerful emetics, and the like, no wonder that of fifty-three cases, only sixteen recover. If nature were left to herself, she would probably be more successful than this; for she would at least economise the patient's strength as far as possible, instead of draining it away. The writer knew a case in which, after blisterings, etc., emetics were given very freely, yet produced no emetic effect; and then the medical man said the child died because it had not strength to vomit! A certain man who tried to keep his horse without food, said it would have lived if it could have borne the experiment a little longer.

haunt me to my dying day. Would you credit it! His poor chest and back were completely raw, from the effects of the mustard poultices! I trust we did our duty by our children during their illness, in implicitly following the doctor's directions." *

"You have nothing to reproach yourself with, I am sure. How strange it is that so many doctors employ such violent remedies when other and more simple means are at hand. We treat *our* children upon the homœopathic principle."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Jamieson; "I don't think I should ever have faith enough for that; and I am sure my husband would never dream of employing a homœopathic doctor. Dr. Lowe, our family physician, attended the children, and he is the cleverest in the town."

"That I am quite ready to grant; nevertheless, I have more confidence in the efficacy of the homœopathic treatment, especially in cases of Croup, than in the cleverness of any allopathic doctor." †

* If a child falls against the hot stove, or is scalded by hot water, and a blister is raised, the doctor is sent for in haste; and when he comes, he makes a serious face, talks of the "blessing it was not worse," and acts as if the patient were really injured, and his constitution threatened by the blister. But if the same child, some time after, falls ill of some inflammation, then the same doctor will deliberately add to the little patient's sufferings that arising from a blister, which if not produced with as much shock to the system as in the case of a burn, injures the part and weakens the constitution as much. Surely if science had taught no better plan than that, common sense and common humanity demand that a patient shall not have other diseases deliberately heaped upon him because he has one already.

† Thirty-seven deaths and sixteen recoveries out of fifty-three cases of Croup (as referred to in a preceding note) are to be considered as fairly

"Well, I am surprised. But what can such an absurdly small dose effect? I've heard Fred say that some child swallowed a whole box full of homœopathic medicine without getting any harm from it."*

"That's the old story over again, Mrs. Jamieson. The system is often ridiculed in this way, but *experience* has taught me that it is a certain law of cure. You must know that before coming to this place I resided in London, where I visited the poor, to whom, I must say, Homœopathy has proved the greatest of blessings."

"I do not for a moment doubt your word; but is it not possible that the cases of cure you allude to were attributable more to the slightness of the disease than to the system adopted? for I cannot believe that such small doses can be of any use, it must be fancy."†

"You are mistaken, the smallness of the dose is not the question—it is a mere contingency. It is the law of 'Like cures like' that guides the Homœopath in his treatment of the disease. Experience teaches that medicine given on homœopathic principles must be

successful for Allopathy. But sixteen deaths for thirty-seven recoveries would not be too favourable an estimate of the result of homœopathic treatment of the same disease—true Croup (*Angina Trachealis*).

* Statements of this sort are common; but, if always true, simply prove that homœopathic medicines as prepared for domestic use are harmless when not needed. If the medicines were allopathic, there would be no room for joking about the result.

† This is often said, but is no more true of our cases than of others. It is true, however, that instead of allowing them to become worse (which is, too often, the unintentional result of old physic), we do all we can to assist nature in controlling and overcoming the disease at the stage in which we find it.

administered, in nearly all cases, in small doses, or the symptoms of the disease will be greatly aggravated.”*

“I wish you would explain the principles of the law of ‘Like cures like,’ for to me they appear to be rather paradoxical.”

“I will explain it with pleasure ; but you seem to be somewhat prejudiced against Homœopathy.”

“Well, I must confess that I have scarcely ever heard Homœopathy spoken of except as quackery, or with ridicule.”

“Prejudice will always stand in the way of any great truth. For a long time *I* was guided by the opinions of others respecting it; but I no sooner put it to the test than my former antipathies vanished.”

“You are quite an enthusiast,” said Mrs. Jamieson, with a smile.

“I am, for I have tested, and found Homœopathy to be true. As you have asked me, I will endeavour to explain to you the law of ‘Like cures like.’ A simple

* A poison floats in the atmosphere called the Small-pox virus; hundreds of persons inhale it, yet but one here and there is thrown down and killed by it. Is the virus less powerful because it is invisible and inappreciable? Is it less potent because it does not seriously affect every one who swallows “a whole boxful” of it? Has not the condition of the individual something to do with the result? Is it not true that “diseases, like plants, can only thrive in a soil suitable for their growth”? So with the minute yet perceptible doses of homœopathic medicine: there will be no effect unless the body is in a condition for feeling them, and becoming affected by them. If, then, an immaterial virus can start such changes in the body as occur in malignant Small-pox, is it theoretically improbable that a more material agent may follow up the virus in its own track, and start such other changes as shall result in the restoration of the body? Experiment proves the theory to be well founded.

illustration is to be found in the effects of *Belladonna* berries. The tempting berries of this plant, when eaten in quantities by children, have been known to produce redness of the skin, and also, redness, soreness, and swelling of the throat. These symptoms are akin to those of Scarlet-fever; hence *Belladonna* is one of the most certain remedies in that malignant disease."

"But are not the medicines you speak of *poison*? I have so often heard people speak against the system on this account."

"Anything to create a prejudice against Homœopathy, as though the Allopath did not also use poisons! I have scarcely patience to argue with such persons."

"Well, well, one medicine may be as good as another for aught I know. Homœopathy may suit very well in trifling cases; but I should not like to trust to it in anything very serious."

"Then it is clear you do not understand the principle. It is applicable to every known disease, and is not a mere theory. It was discovered by Hahnemann."

"And who was he?—some quack doctor?"

"Oh, no; if it will not weary you, I can tell you something of him."

"I should be glad to know; I am not so prejudiced as to refuse information, even with regard to those whose systems I do not comprehend and am in doubt of."

"Well, Samuel Hahnemann was born at Meissen, in Saxony, in the year 1755. He was the son of poor but respectable parents; his father having been a painter on porcelain. At the age of twelve he joined a provincial school, which was under the charge of a Dr.

Müller, who so took to him, that when the time arrived for him to leave to be apprenticed to his father's occupation, the good schoolmaster undertook to complete the boy's education free of charge. His judgment respecting the intellectual capacities of young Hahnemann was amply verified, for at the age of fourteen he took the place of the Greek professor in his lessons. The youth eventually chose medicine as his profession; and, accordingly, at the age of twenty he repaired to Leipsic, to pursue his studies, with but twenty ducats in his pocket, the gift of his father. During the prosecution of his studies he found himself so straitened in circumstances, that to replenish his scanty exchequer, he betook himself to the translation of foreign medical works into his mother tongue. His great professional abilities, aided by his amiable character, procured him many friends, through whose influence and recommendations he was appointed from time to time to many lucrative posts. Among others, he held the office of librarian and private physician to the Governor of Transylvania. At the age of twenty-four he took his degree as Doctor of Medicine, at Erlangen. Having received his title, he went into various countries, allowing himself to be led by the force of circumstances. He at last settled at Gommern, near Magdeburg, and soon after, married Henrietta Kuchlen, the daughter of a chemist. He afterwards went to Dresden, where he became intimate with the most influential residents, formed a brilliant practice, and obtained the esteem of Dr. Wagner, the first physician of the city, who, in order to rest after a long illness, entrusted him, by the consent of the magistrate,

with the duties of chief physician to the hospitals. Invited in 1791, by the Economic Society, of Leipsic, and the Academy of Science, at Mayence, to reside in those cities, he returned to the former, where he had gone through his first important studies. He was now no longer the obscure and unfortunate student, for the genius had become a distinguished man. But, being as conscientious as he was learned, he became so dissatisfied with the confusion and complexity of the prevailing system of medicine, and so dismayed at the violent and uncertain effects of the remedies, that he felt compelled to relinquish his practice. By this time, he had eleven children, and to support this numerous family he returned to his literary labours. Writing to a friend on the subject, he says, 'Eighteen years have elapsed since I quitted the beaten track of medicine. I could not conscientiously treat the unknown morbid condition of my suffering brethren without other light than that which could be derived from books. To become the murderer and the tormentor of my brethren, was to me an idea so frightful and overwhelming, that, soon after my marriage, I renounced the practice of medicine, that I might no longer incur the risk of doing injury.* It was in 1790, while

* It is gratifying to know that the high conscientiousness of Hahnemann is shared by some well-known and esteemed men of the present day, who, while called allopathic, are not of Allopathy : they have lost all faith in physic, seeing its impotence to cure and power to injure ; have learnt that nature is the best physician, and so put the patient under conditions favourable to her efforts to overcome disease, and then expect her to cure it. These doctors constitute what is called the "expectant school," and have the most success of any practitioners outside homeopathic ranks. If they would but add Homeopathy to

translating Dr. Cullen's *Materia Medica*, that the light of Homœopathy first dawned on his mind. He found it to be stated therein, that whilst *Peruvian Bark* was a *certain cure for Ague*, it also possessed the power of *engendering feverish symptoms very like those of Ague*. His attention was arrested by this curious statement. He would test its correctness. He did so, and found it to be true. He also induced some friends to repeat the experiment. Still it held good. He now tried other medicines besides *Bark*, and still the same thing occurred; they produced in healthy persons symptoms like those they would cure in sick persons. A new light had broken in upon his mind. For the next ten years he conducted, in his own person, and in the persons of some of his friends, such a series of experiments as satisfied his own mind of the soundness of his views. Then, for the first time, he published his discovery. During the next nine years, he continued the provings, as he called them, and confirmed these provings by cures on the sick, and again gave the results to the world. He had at length discovered the law of healing, and designated it by the motto, '*Similia similibus curantur*'—'Like cures like.'

"Hahnemann vindicated the efficacy of the new law of cure in a most striking manner. There was in a hospital of lunatics, founded by Duke Ernest, of Gotha, a literary man, named Klokenbring. The old system had been unable to cure him, but Hahnemann treated the case with complete success.

their present practice, they would then find how readily nature accepts *real* help, and how much more successful they would be.

"It must not be imagined that he was unopposed during all this time. No, the rage of opposition pursued him successively to Brunswick, Keingslutter, Hamburg, and other places ; when, in 1811, he returned to Leipsic, for the third time. Duke Ferdinand offered him an asylum at Anhalt Koethen, which he at last accepted, hoping thereby to find shelter from insult, and a little rest and liberty. But the inhabitants practised upon him the greatest insults, and went even so far as to attack his dwelling, and throw stones at his windows. After the death of his first wife, he married a French lady, and went to reside in France. Upon the people of Koethen learning that he was about to leave them, they then wished to keep him by all means ; and to avoid their solicitation, he was obliged to set out on his journey at night. Fifteen years before, these very people had sought to stone him.

"During his last illness, his wife said to him, ' Providence owes you a mitigation of your sufferings, since, in your life, you have alleviated the sufferings of so many, and you yourself endured so much.' He, in reply, rebuked her in these memorable words, 'Owes me a mitigation! why then, me! Each man here below works as God gives him strength, and meets with a greater or less reward at the judgment-seat of man, but he can claim no reward at the judgment-seat of God. God owes me nothing, but I owe God much ; yea, all!' In this meek and Christian spirit died Samuel Hahnemann, at the great age of eighty-eight years, after founding the school of Homœopathy, which numbers amongst its disciples the rich and the poor of

the land, all of whom, myself included, owe much to the memory of that dear good man, Hahnemann."

"Thank you, Mrs. Fraser; thank you very much for this very interesting account of the Doctor and his system. I shall not be content till I know more of Homœopathy."

"I am glad to hear you say so. I shall have great pleasure in lending you some tracts and a book on the subject, which will give you much information about it."

"Thank you, Mrs. Fraser; I shall be glad to read them; but I will not answer for my conversion to homœopathic principles."

"Let each one be convinced in his own mind about the truth of a principle ere adopting it. An intelligent adaptation of Homœopathy to the varied wants of the human family can alone strengthen its cause. It is simple in its workings, but so are the processes of nature, so are all the fixed laws of creation."

The friends parted: Mrs. Jamieson to think over what she had heard of Homœopathy: Mrs. Fraser to deplore the loss her friend had sustained under the exhausting and uncertain treatment of Allopathy.

A short time after Mrs. Fraser's visit, Dr. Lowe called on the Jamiesons. Before leaving, his attention was attracted by a book, a well-known "Manual," and some tracts on Homœopathy, which lay on the drawing-room table.

He was too well-bred to remark upon the circumstance; but Mrs. Jamieson caught his look of surprise, and immediately attributed it to the right cause.

"That volume and those tracts on Homœopathy,

doctor, have been lent me by a particular friend, who is loud in her praises of the system. Pardon my putting such a question, but what is your opinion of it? I must confess that what she has told me has excited quite an interest in me towards it, and the book and tracts have further strengthened it."

"My dear Mrs. Jamieson, I am glad you have put the question. The whole thing is a fallacy. What is termed Homœopathy is a vain and impossible thing; when I have leisure time, I mean to unmask and expose it."

"Have you tried it, doctor? Will it effect no good whatever?"

"I would advise no one to trust to it, especially in acute diseases."

"It may be useful in some chronic cases, then?"*

"I did not say so. In such instances fancy has much to do with it."

"That may be: but Mrs. Fraser tells me that she

* It is a common impression with many that Homœopathy may be useful in chronic cases, but that in severe and urgent diseases it should not be trusted. But it is exactly the latter cases in which the power and superiority of Homœopathy are most evident. It is true many persons fear to trust it, and shrink from the liability of being charged with neglect if a child or friend should die without some "heroic" or "vigorous" treatment having been pursued, although such treatment occasionally accelerates death. But since, as Dr. Wilks remarks, in speaking of the absurdity of pretending to keep patients alive by pouring brandy down their throats, such practice is sure to give "satisfaction," even if it "kills a dozen patients," and allowing a patient to die without "doing one's best" in that style will gain one the "credit of letting him slip through one's fingers," we are able to appreciate the objection at its true value when applied to Homœopathy.

has known it most effectual in cases of Croup, which it cures as if by magic."

"It is a hobby of Mrs. Fraser's; but surely her rhapsodies will not convert you to Homœopathy!"

"Well, I am not converted yet, doctor; but if it be so effectual in cases of Croup, what a pity that it is not more generally adopted. I do not say so to reproach you, doctor; but still my heart aches when I think of what my poor darlings endured."

"I hope you will admit that we doctors ought to know best about such matters. Undoubtedly, it was painful to your feelings, as a mother, to cause your children pain; but the disease is one much dreaded by our profession, being so fatal to children, and requires vigorous treatment."*

"I hope, doctor, my plain speaking has not offended you. I have no desire to do that, but I am most anxious to know the truth."

"Oh, pray don't name it, my dear madam," he hastily rejoined. After a slight pause he said, pointing to the homœopathic works, "Would you mind lending me these?"

"Certainly not, doctor; will you take them with you?"

He did so, more perhaps to get rid of the subject, or to evade such close questioning upon what he had evi-

* That is a smart theory which practically regards the body as a shuttlecock, which, having been struck from one side by disease, must straightway be as vigorously struck by the battledore of physic from the other side. No wonder if, between the two, nature often loses its elasticity or power of reaction, and the shuttlecock drops into the grave!

dently not studied, for the books lay for some time on his table unopened.

Not long after this visit, a friend of his, Dr. Ogilvie, called to consult him about a very startling case of cure which had been effected by Homœopathy, after he had given the patient up.

"And do you tell me, Ogilvie, that the child was really so far gone in the Croup that you gave up all hopes of saving it?"

"Such is the case, I can assure you. It was as bad a case of Croup as ever I had brought under my notice. In fact, the child had been labouring under the disease for hours before it was brought to me; and from the first, I could perceive by the symptoms that it was likely to be a hopeless case, and I told the parents as much."

"And is the child quite recovered by the homœopathic treatment?"

"Yes, indeed; and running about quite hale and hearty. Don't you consider it a most singular cure? Should this new school continue to effect such cures, I am afraid that we shall lose all our patients. People will believe in it, whatever we may say. What do you really think about it, Lowe?"

"It is, certainly, a most striking case of cure; and as such, must give importance to Homœopathy in the eyes of the people. But how did it happen that a Homœopath was called in?"

"It was in this way. I had pronounced the case hopeless. Soon after I left the house, a Mrs. Fraser, who is in the habit of relieving the poor, called upon

the parents. On hearing about the child she said, 'Nonsense; I've known quite as hopeless cases cured by homœopathic treatment. I will give it some medicine at once, while you run for Dr. Roe, the Homœopath.' He came, and prescribed: and in two days the child had recovered. But by far the strangest part has yet to be told. The poor mother was so overjoyed at the child's recovery, that she imprudently took it to see the Homœopath. As might be expected, it took cold, which induced a relapse of the Croup in its most alarming form; but the homœopathic treatment soon effected a second cure."

"To tell you the truth, Ogilvie, had I heard of this matter from any other person but yourself, I should have discredited it. But is it not possible that your treatment had already subdued the disease, and that nature did the rest, while this Homœopath alone receives the credit?"

"Of course, I tell everybody that such was the case; that I had caused the disease to succumb to my treatment; and that I considered the case hopeless, simply because the child was so exhausted that it could not possibly rally. You can perceive it would never do to admit that the homœopathic system effected what ours could not. But how shall we account for the cure of the second attack? Certainly, that is the most incomprehensible part of it."

"See here, Ogilvie, here are some tracts and a book on Homœopathy. Perhaps the remarkable cure you have described, aided by a perusal of these precious treatises, may delude you into becoming a convert!"

"Not I, indeed. To tell you the truth, Lewe, were I quite convinced that Homœopathy was superior to our own system, which is far from being the case, I would not embrace it. It would be suicidal to do so. I should lose a good practice, be degraded in the eyes of my friends, and be thought a monomaniac by all sensible people. I have known several cases of conversion to Homœopathy made at a great sacrifice to the converts; but believe me I shall not tread in their footsteps."

"Well, I mean to test it, Ogilvie. I am soon likely to have leisure to put this much-vaunted system of cure on its trial; I will unmask it."

"I should advise you to let the testing of it alone; for by that means others have become its converts."*

"I shall certainly examine into its claims, for it is time that Homœopathy should be put down. It is spreading far and near, among gentle and simple, and each year it acquires greater importance. Besides, I believe the public, or those at least who have embraced Homœopathy, are deluded by the books which have been written about it, and I mean to resort to the press in order to put a check to this quackery. Fully convinced that I shall be triumphant, I have made up my mind to commence my labours without delay."

* Some time ago, one of the London medical journals, in noticing a homœopathic work, recommended its readers not to study it, lest they should become converted as some had been before! It speaks badly for the honour and courage of men who, half suspecting they are wrong, are too cowardly to look for more light, lest they should lose caste by finding it. They resolutely close their eyes and say—"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

"Suppose, Lowe, you should by any chance become convinced of the truth of Homœopathy, as others have been, you would not, surely, openly avow its principles?"

Dr. Lowe looked angry; but his indignation soon passed away. "I supposed," he said, "that you knew me better than for a moment even to judge me capable of dealing dishonestly under a sincere conviction of the truth of Homœopathy. Were I convinced to-morrow, I would not hesitate openly to avow my conversion, and to embrace its principles."

"I meant no offence, my dear fellow; but I am sure that Homœopathy will never gain you as an adherent. Good-bye; I have a professional call or two to make, and so must be off."

The foregoing conversation will have disclosed the true character of the two men whom we have introduced to the reader.

That Dr. Lowe was an honest man, and actuated by pure and lofty motives, is amply evinced by his outspoken attacks on Homœopathy, coupled with his declaration that should he eventually become convinced of its truth he would not hesitate to avow his convictions, and to embrace the principles of the new law of cure. From such men Homœopathy has nothing to fear, but everything to hope; for a practical test, to which their very honesty impels them, ensures their becoming its firm adherents.

On the contrary, a man like Dr. Ogilvie would never be won over to its ranks; his avarice and ambition, and the dread of losing caste, would prove insuperable

barriers to an honest avowal of conviction as to the truth of a system still so little in vogue.* There are many of this type in the allopathic school—men who are eminent in it, who are rich in honours or emoluments, or who have stereotyped their opinions by their writings. Such would deprecate a medical revolution as likely to check their brilliant career and consign them to obscurity.

No, no; the ranks of Homœopathy are not recruited by such men, but by those who will boldly come out and avow the truth, fearless of obloquy or scorn, in their noble resolve to sacrifice all in their efforts to promote the happiness and welfare of the human family. This spirit of generous self-sacrifice characterised Hahnemann, as it has also all those who have nobly followed in his footsteps.

* A friend of the writer, living in a town without a homœopathic doctor, and having a son seriously ill, expressed a wish to call in a celebrated homœopathic physician from a neighbouring city in consultation. The medical man replied, *sotto voce*, "Personally I have no objection, nay, rather would be glad; but if my brethren in the town were to hear of it, they would never speak to me again." Which is most condemnable—the man who shrinks from following an independent and proper course, or the system which makes it so difficult and sacrificial for him to do it?



CHAPTER II.

DR. LOWE'S CONVERSION TO HOMŒOPATHY.

MRS. JAMIESON was right in styling Dr. Lowe the cleverest doctor for miles around. As an Allopath he deserved the eulogium. He had acquired a professional reputation; and, as a consequence, an excellent practice. Thanks to his industry and perseverance, at the time of which this tale treats he was the foremost man of his school to be met with in the town and its neighbourhood. He had studied hard to master the whole of the professional details of his calling, and had succeeded in his object. But success brought him no nearer the goal of his ambition than he was ere starting; the knowledge thus acquired proved eminently unsatisfactory, leaving him racked with painful doubts and uncertainties.

To a mind thirsting for *true* knowledge upon the subject of medicine, the disappointment must have been keen. To have given one's days, and in some degree, one's nights to study for months, nay, years, and after all to have acquired literally nothing approaching the certainty sought, could not but produce deep,

sorrowful, and almost inexpressible disappointment.* Dr. Lowe was constrained to acknowledge to himself, if not to others, and with bitterness too, that, despite his professional attainments and great experience, he as yet possessed no certain law of cure; at best it was but a groping in the dark, a venture which might haply result in good to the patient. But too often he found the principles propounded for his guidance utterly worthless as means to a desired end. To increase his perplexity, the remedies he found to be effectual in one case, would, in another, although presenting similar symptoms, prove abortive and ineffectual, and thus the tantalising prize, like a will-o'-the-wisp, ever eluded the hand stretched out to seize it.

What could he do in his emergency but adopt the *expedient* practised by all others of his school—viz., the mixing of *several* remedies, which appeared to suit the various symptoms of the malady, in one potion? This happy-go-lucky system has proved, and still proves to many, a means of relief from the difficulty; having the tranquillising effect of an opiate upon the mind and conscience. They had searched in vain, and groped about in the almost Egyptian darkness of the past of medicine, and had, at length, relinquished all hope, and

* The disappointment experienced by many when, after years of study to secure their diplomas, they come face to face with diseases of all kinds, especially in children, and find how empty are the theories which they have been taught to rely on in practice, is most bitter; and at best, the cost of time, money, and labour, is felt to have been too great for the advantage gained. It is notorious that a student's experience has generally to be obtained *after* he is "qualified;" and woe to the patient if he is an "heroic" practitioner!

with crushed and disappointed aspirations, endeavoured to make the best of the very small glimmering of light remaining to them. To Dr. Lowe, however, such expedients brought no consolation, he longed most ardently for a better state of things; but his prejudice and professional self-conceit prevented his looking for success elsewhere than to the traditionary archives of his own school. His research into the ancient lore of medicine showed that in his own time there existed just the same blindness and ignorance respecting the law of cure as obtained in past ages. Hippocrates affirmed that, "The mixture of medicines is the daughter of ignorance." Strange perversity that, after centuries had elapsed, this ignorance should still exist. Science, art, manufactures, in fact, every useful or ornamental acquirement, had advanced somewhat towards perfection, and medicine alone lagged behind in the race. To his intelligent and inquiring mind, this stagnation was distressing, and he longed for some one to arise and remove the veil of ignorance which concealed from mankind the true light. He did not dream that one had already accomplished this desired work; that one had already braved scorn, calumny, poverty, loss of friends—in fact, the loss of everything that could render life enjoyable—in order to relieve his suffering fellow-men from the burden that ignorance had imposed upon them. It never entered his mind that the light he so ardently longed for had already shone forth in its purity of brightness; and that it threatened speedily to extinguish the hazy light that gleamed so feebly in the horizon of his own medical sphere.

To Homœopathy he directed only a glance of scorn and contempt, as to a vain and delusive imposture; and, in his stubborn pride, he contemplated with intense satisfaction his resolve to place it before the world in what he deemed its true colours.

At length the anticipated leisure arrived, and he proceeded to his test. Possessing a well-disciplined mind, he resolved to pursue a systematic course; he would not trust in theories, but would make *practical* inquiry the basis of his plan. Procuring some of Hahnemann's works, he perused them carefully. He could not but be sensibly struck with the sound philosophical reasoning of the great master-mind which had penned the principles. What he read bore the impress of deep thought, of purity, and of truth; it was perfectly free from the illiberal tendencies and prejudged arguments which are often apparent in the writings of ordinary men.

"Do not take my word for it, verify the facts," exhibited the character of Hahnemann to him in a pleasing light. Here, at least, was no pretentious quackery, no desire to delude the reader into a blind belief of what he read; but an invitation to try, to test, to verify the principles of Homœopathy, that, through the force of truth, they might approve themselves to the understanding and the conscience. Without exactly grasping all he read, he could perceive that Homœopathy was no fallacy; and his respect for it increased each time that he resumed his readings.

-He studied the works of some of the foremost men of the new school, and found such agreement in all

their ideas and conclusions, that his mind was deeply impressed with the fact. He knew by experience that in the allopathic school there existed the greatest diversity of opinion—that hardly two physicians would be found to entertain the same opinions upon a single point. The words of Hippocrates now occurred to his mind: “One physician prescribes a strict diet, another allows a liberal one, a third forbids both; so we need not wonder that the art of medicine is said to resemble astrology.” Wonder, indeed! The wonder is that people should for such a length of time have followed so baseless a thing as Allopathy, and that in the boasted enlightenment of the nineteenth century, thousands should continue to trust in it so blindly. The new theory he considered excellent; what practice would eventuate to confirm it, he would endeavour to ascertain.

At this stage of his inquiry he felt that the investigation in which he was engaged might possibly prove the most serious act of his life. Not only did it involve his reputation as a physician, his honour as a man, and the relief of the afflicted; but, what was of greater moment, the interest of truth itself. He procured a “*Materia Medica*,” and selecting some of the agents it contained, tested them first on himself, carefully noting their action.* He found that they did not belie their

* The medicines used by Homœopaths have been taken in large doses by homœopathic physicians and their friends when in health, in order to learn which organs of the body were affected, in what way, and what doses were capable of producing the effects. By this method of “proving” drugs, they know, when a man is ill, what medicine will be most likely to follow up the disease to its source, and induce,

alleged tendencies; but rather fulfilled them to the letter. In this there could be no deception, for he himself furnished the subject for experiment. Having proved the truth of the statement that homœopathic medicines taken in large or over-doses produce a kind of artificial disease, he next proceeded to test the accuracy of the motto, "Like cures like." He was not altogether ignorant of the pre-existence of this "new" law of cure, for Hippocrates himself had advocated it. In one of his aphorisms, he states, "Vomiting is cured by vomiting;" and again, "The most part of diseases are cured by agents capable of producing them."

In testing the curative powers of homœopathic remedies, he was guided by an ingenious plan. He first gave an unmedicated powder (simply sugar of milk), and of course without any result. He then selected and administered the proper remedy, when amendment commenced, and a cure was effected. These experiments were not confined to a single case, but were repeated again and again. Varying the means of testimony, he then selected some forms of disease in which the symptoms were well marked and persistent, and gave homœopathic medicines, noting their favourable effects. Then, unknown to the patient, he administered a precisely similar-looking powder, but one that was unmedicated; when the patients, or in the case of children, their parents, voluntarily observed

by means of a comparatively small dose, the process of cure. An inflamed lung, for instance, will sooner feel the effect of a drug which touches it, than it would in health: hence a small dose of the right medicine is found to be sufficient to cure.

that "this last medicine had lost its effect, and done no good." On again administering medicated doses, improvement began, and relief was experienced. Ere this, in his ignorance and prejudice, he had conceived the practice of Homœopathy to be the easiest thing in the world. But now his opinion on this subject was changed; for his lengthened experience in the old school, and the little he as yet knew of the principles and potent curative powers of the new school, afforded him abundant proof that if time and trouble are needed to make a good Allopath, it requires very much more to make a good Homœopath. To search for a medicine similar to the disease, he found to be the best mode of determining his choice. But he was often sorely perplexed by the various shades of similar remedies, which he could not but observe in his provings of Homœopathy. He discovered that each medicine possessed its peculiarity; thus, one acted principally on the brain, another on the stomach, some on the superior, others on the inferior members of the body; this manifested its symptoms on one side of the body, another on the whole body; the effects of some were aggravated by rest or movement, during the night or the day. These to him were indeed new features in medicine, and every step in his advance convinced him the more fully of the grand simplicity of Homœopathy; and his heart was gladdened at the thought, that at length he was in the right road to the goal of his ardent ambition—viz., the discovery of specific remedies for the ills of suffering humanity. All was becoming plain to him now. Before, he had often wondered how professors

of Homœopathy dared to look any honest man in the face ; but, now, he wondered that men of the allopathic school, without any investigation or experience of Homœopathy, could force their necessarily worthless opinions on the world, and still think themselves faithful and conscientious public servants. So mighty, so potent, so irresistibly striking, are the principles of truth, that if honestly permitted to work their will, noble sparks will be emitted by their friction with the gross, debasing, and grovelling tendencies of ignorance and prejudice, in a nature however depraved. But when working on a truly noble nature, the beautiful results, shaping the man's thoughts, words, deeds, and every action of his life into its own mould, might well lead the poet to exclaim :—

“ An honest man 's the noblest work of God.”

Such an effect was produced upon Dr. Lowe, who now found peace from the turmoil and strife of a conscience hitherto daily troubled by the practice of a system of which he could not heartily approve. In acute cases, he now permitted the antecedents furnished by the patient, and those around him, to serve as a torch to his diagnosis. That he was right in so doing was fully illustrated by a case which occurred in his practice about this time.

One day a young child was brought to him, who had long been blind. Several doctors had attended him. All treatment had proved fruitless, and even Doctor Lowe himself scarcely cared to undertake the case. But when the parents told him that they attri-

buted the blindness of their child to a fall, he readily consented to try what he could do. He accordingly gave him, morning and evening, a teaspoonful of a mixture of *Arnica*; and eight days afterwards the child, to the great astonishment of several witnesses, ran safely between some chairs which had been expressly placed in an irregular manner. After all that has been stated about Doctor Lowe's provings of Homœopathy, perhaps the reader will be surprised to learn that he had not yet publicly avowed his belief in it. His mind demanded further proof ere he ventured upon this serious step. And he was right in securing it, for it was no light undertaking to renounce old habits and principles under any circumstances on insufficient grounds. Had he done this, he would have betrayed all the characteristics of a weak-minded person, attracted by each passing novelty in turn, but soon tired of all. To him it was a serious matter, and he treated it seriously; and every lover of truth and consistency will admire his honesty of purpose. However, the time of his full conviction was not far distant; but we will not anticipate, let the sequel speak for itself.

About this time he was sent for to visit a patient in the country, a girl of fifteen, whom he found in a very alarming state, writhing in convulsions, and continually vomiting. In fact, the symptoms were fearful, even to a physician. Two doctors had already pronounced the disease incurable.

He was met at the door by the girl's mother, who appeared greatly agitated, as she said, "My daughter

is very ill, sir. To tell you the truth, she has been given up by two doctors. A friend of ours recommended us to call you in. You won't be angry, sir, at our sending. You'll do what you can, won't you, for our poor darling? She's the only one left out of five."

There was such an imploring look in the woman's eyes, welling up as it were from a soul filled with agonising grief, that he could not but promise to render such help as might be in his power, although, as a rule, he objected to take cases like the present in hand.

"I'll do what I can for her. But you know the issues of life and death are in the hands of God. I can but use the means."

On reaching the sick room he saw enough to confirm the worst forebodings. The patient was then in a fit and fearfully convulsed. In his own mind he pronounced her case hopeless, but he determined to administer a remedy that might possibly afford temporary relief, if it did not effect anything more lasting.

"Is there any hope, sir?" the father said, in a voice choking with tearful emotion.

He evaded the question, and inquired,

"How long has she been subject to these fits?"

"A long time, sir. We have had advice, and have tried every means, but without success."

After some consideration he selected a medicine which he thought would produce similar symptoms, and administered it. Some moments afterwards an attack followed of a still more depressing nature. All

present thought it to be the death struggle. In a short time, however, she rallied, and he ventured upon a second dose. It was an anxious time for him as he watched its effects; but how great was his joy to find no return of the fits. He prolonged his stay over two hours; the patient still remained calm and tranquil, and enjoyed a refreshing sleep. When he was leaving he gave directions to the parents to continue the medicine at intervals; and if there were no return of the symptoms, to discontinue it gradually, but if she became alarmingly worse to send for him immediately.

"We return you our thanks, sir, for your great kindness, and are perfectly astonished at the wonderful change you have worked in our darling. May God bless you, and prolong your days in happiness."

"Return thanks to One higher than I; the honour and glory are due to Him. Good day. Mind you send for me if necessary."

As he walked home he pondered upon the remarkable effects produced by the homœopathic medicine on the girl he had just left. There was no room for doubt. Imagination could have played no part in the matter, for the patient was utterly unconscious through great suffering. This was indeed a triumph for Homœopathy; and he congratulated himself on his success in a case which had been pronounced incurable. The following morning he called on an old man who resided in the neighbourhood of the young girl. On entering, what was his astonishment to find her seated by the old man's bedside, attending to his wants! Had he seen an apparition he could not have been more

startled. He was prepared to find her better ; but the result he was now witnessing far exceeded his anticipations. She recognised him, and at once rose and curtsied, holding out her hand.

"I am very happy to see you about again. Do you feel perfectly recovered?"

"I cannot remember having felt so well for a long time past, sir. I've had no return of the fits."

"That's right. You'll do now. I am surprised, though, to find you out so soon."

"I heard father say Thomas was ill, sir," she said, looking affectionately towards the old man, "and as I felt so well, and knew he would have no one to see him, I prevailed upon mother to let me come round."

"Bless you, my child," ejaculated the old man, "you are a great comfort to me, and behave like any daughter. She's my god-daughter, sir, is Mary, and I'm very proud of her, very."

The doctor took his leave more astonished than ever at the wonderful cure he had been privileged to perform. Indeed, the whole neighbourhood was full of it, and his fame, already great, increased in proportion.*

What further proof did he want? None, surely. If he did, it was supplied in a most convincing manner, by the case of his friend, Mrs. Jamieson, whom he was called upon to attend in a most dangerous illness.

* These cases must not be regarded by the reader as romantic stories, but facts which have occurred ; such cures have not been rare in the history of Homœopathy, but form part of the experience of most earnest and scientific practitioners according to the law of similars.

She had been ailing slightly for a considerable time; but this caused no alarm, as the indisposition was considered trifling. At length the disease developed into a severe and rare form of Bronchitis (plastic), causing a daily recurrence of bleeding from the lungs, accompanied by an incessantly painful cough.

Dr. Lowe found her thus suffering, and from the violence of the symptoms, in his own mind gave up her case as hopeless. She was evidently sinking fast. Under these circumstances, what was his delight when two doses only of the appropriate homœopathic medicine arrested the cough, the hæmorrhage, and the pain, and threw her into a calm slumber.

On visiting her the following day he was met, before entering her room, by Mr. Jamieson, who looked anxious as he said, "Why, doctor, all the dangerous symptoms have disappeared as if by magic! Such a sudden change makes me anxious. Do you think she is going on favourably?"

"I must see her before I can give you an answer," he observed, half smilingly, as he noticed the troubled look of the questioner.

He found that she was indeed going on favourably, and pronounced her completely out of danger. She called for food, which she ate with a relish, and indeed progressed so rapidly that in four days her husband had the unspeakable happiness of supporting her to the drawing-room sofa. In a few days' time Mrs. Jamieson was quite well, and able to sit up and converse, and even to take exercise in the open air.

One day she remarked to Dr. Lowe, "My dear

doctor, Mrs. Fraser has been to see me several times during my illness ; and what do you suppose she says about my cure ? ”

“ I am sure I am at a loss to conjecture, but I should like to know.”

“ Well, she says that the cure must be owing to Homœopathy ; for she denies that it could have taken place under the old system. Now, is it not too bad of her, doctor, to say this to me, when she knows so well that you are unfavourable to Homœopathy ? ”

“ Mrs. Fraser is perfectly correct. Your cure has been effected, under Providence, through homœopathic treatment ; and I thank God that I was led to adopt it, since it has conferred such benefits upon you and others.”

“ Indeed ! then she will be delighted to find that you have given in your adhesion to her cause, as she terms Homœopathy. As for myself, I shall take every opportunity of making the blessing known to others ; for it appears I owe it to Homœopathy that I am now alive.”

Before he could reply, Mr. Jamieson joined them.

“ How do you do, doctor ? Do you know that my friends hardly credit me when I tell them of the remarkable cure you have effected ? ‘ Why,’ says one, ‘ a similar case occurred in my own family, and weeks passed without any mitigation of the symptoms ; and yet you say that two days sufficed to cure your wife of a worse attack.’ ”

“ My dear Charles,” added his wife, “ I can explain it all to you. The doctor treated me homœopathically.”

"Did you indeed, doctor? Why, I have always heard Homœopathy derided, as deserving unqualified contempt! I should be ashamed, in your presence, to repeat what I have heard respecting its disciples."

"I am well aware," he replied, "of the obloquy which it is customary to heap upon this new law of cure; for that I myself once spoke of it with contempt, I acknowledge with shame and contrition; the only palliative circumstance connected with my conduct being, that it arose from gross ignorance and prejudice. I have not yet openly avowed my change of principles, but from henceforth I renounce Allopathy."

"And I warmly applaud you for the act, doctor; and may God make you wise in your new method of treatment, and increasingly skilful in the relief of human suffering."

"I endorse all you have said, my dear," said her husband; "and for the future I shall urge the rightful claims of Homœopathy on all my friends and acquaintances."

After a cordial parting with his friends, Dr. Lowe proceeded home, where a trial awaited him which would severely test his sincerity in resolving publicly to avow his belief in Homœopathy, and to renounce his former views and opinions. What this trial consisted in, the next chapter will reveal.



CHAPTER III.

DR. HATHAWAY'S PREJUDICE AND HOSTILITY.

A LETTER, in the well-known handwriting of a very intimate friend, met the doctor's eye upon his return home. He opened it with eager haste, for he was deeply interested in the welfare of one who was very nearly related to the writer.

Its contents ran thus :

DEAR FRIEND,

I enclose papers announcing your election as Physician to the H— Infirmary, and tender you my heartiest congratulations. I need hardly inform you that the appointment has been sought after by very many able men, who have been unsuccessful in bearing away the prize from yourself. The salary is handsome, and will place you in comfortable circumstances ; while the patronage pertaining to the post will greatly add to your influence and importance. I am more than repaid for any anxiety or labour on your behalf by the success which has attended my efforts. I can't help calling you a lucky fellow, and suspect that I myself am of the same genus. I know some one who has been almost incessantly plying me with inquiries about the appointment—what it is worth, whether you will have comfortable quarters, etc., etc. I dare say you can guess to whom I allude. Her inquisitiveness is hardly to be wondered at—is it ? under all the circumstances of the case. Ah ! you arch conspirator, I fear you design shortly to rob me of my daughter now that you have such excellent prospects. I am loth to part with her, but if the worst comes to the worst, I suppose I must. Good-bye ; God bless and spare you many, many years to enjoy your good fortune.

Believe me ever,

Yours sincerely,

H. HATHAWAY.

It would be asserting that he was more than human, or a confirmed Stoic at least, to aver that Dr. Lowe did not acutely feel his position. Dr. Hathaway, the writer of the letter, was a valued friend, and about to become related to him by a dearer tie, as the father of Clara, his affianced bride. He was well aware of the aversion Dr. Hathaway entertained for Homœopathy, and of the dilemma in which his determination to embrace the new law of cure must on that account place him. Besides, his friend had been working very hard to procure him the appointment, and had succeeded, he was assured, owing to the great party influence he had brought to bear in the matter. Clara, too, was doubtless overjoyed at his good fortune. Under these circumstances, would it be right to refuse the appointment, and leave himself open to the imputation of ingratitude, at the same time sacrificing the happiness of two persons who were so dear to him? He had not yet publicly announced his belief in Homœopathy, and could therefore compromise the matter with his conscience by suppressing the fact until a more suitable time. Besides, he had now risen to a distinguished position, whereas an humble place and many trials must await him in the school of Homœopathy. Is it possible to imagine a more trying position for a man of his honest nature and warm affections? Affection and gratitude, on the one hand, were pitted against truth, honesty, and a desire to be of use to mankind, on the other; the painful nature of the struggle can only be understood by those who have been called upon to make similar sacrifices for the sake of truth. With an earnest man,

such a contest could have but one issue. Dr. Lowe viewed the matter as between God and himself, between assured right and indisputable wrong. He sat in judgment on himself, and pronounced as his verdict that it would be criminal to continue practising Allopathy, convinced as he was of its utter futility to effect a specific cure. The victory was gained; the sacrifice made; and self was immolated on the altar of truth, that suffering humanity might reap the advantage.*

In a few days after the receipt of Hathaway's letter he started for H——, to acquaint him with his change of principles. On his arrival the old gentleman gave him a kindly welcome, and Clara of course was overjoyed to see him. As soon as his friend and he were alone, the conversation naturally turned upon the subject of his appointment.

"I am happy, truly happy, my dear Lowe, to have the pleasure of offering you my congratulations in person on your appointment. May you live long to enjoy your good fortune."

Dr. Lowe's voice was marked by emotion as he an-

* We could give many illustrations of this true nobility, this valour for the truth, in men who, with more regard for the welfare of their patients and devotion to science, than adhesion to fashionable routine, have openly declared their convictions, fully conscious that the immediate result would be professional ostracism, and the loss of any medical appointment which they might then be holding. The names of Dr. Horner, of Hull; Dr. Eubulus Williams, of the Children's Hospital at Clifton; and Dr. Archibald Keith, of the Royal Infirmary, Aberdeen, will readily occur to the minds of those who take an interest in medical proceedings. In each case the expulsion was effected through the influence of the Faculty, and the objection urged was *not* inefficiency in practice, *not* incompetence for the post of honour, *not even the quiet practice of Homœopathy, but its open avowal.*

swered, "I heartily thank you, my dear sir, for your kindness; but I am afraid I am about to mar your happiness by declining the appointment."

"Pooh, pooh; nonsense! I know all about it. It does credit to your modesty; but you'll get over it in time. Let me hear no more about declining such a good thing, or I shall be obliged to call in Clara's help." And the old gentleman stretched out his hand in a playful mood towards the bell, as if to put his threat into execution.

There was something in Dr. Lowe's manner, however, that forbade anything approaching to hilarity, pardonable though it might have been under the circumstances. With great calmness and self-possession he replied;

"I can only repeat what I have said. I am under the necessity of declining the appointment because I have embraced Homœopathy."

There was a silence of some minutes' duration, during which Dr. Hathaway looked into his friend's face with an incredulous gaze, as if disbelieving his sense of hearing. At length, with a painful emphasis on every word, he said,

"You a Homœopath! You, who used to be so bitter against the class! You, who went so far as to term Homœopathy a farce, a humbug, and its professors quacks! Surely you only jest."

"I acknowledge with deep regret that I have been guilty of uttering hard things against Homœopathy, but I was then blinded by ignorance and prejudice. Now, having thoroughly tested its principles, I have come to the conclusion that it is the most perfect known law of cure."

"Do you fully recognise the position in which you have placed yourself, sir?" Dr. Hathaway said, somewhat sternly. In an instant, however, he added, "Pardon my having put such an abrupt question to you, but, as the guardian of my daughter's interests, you will concede me the right of inquiring into the reasons of your alleged conversion to Homœopathy. Young heads are apt to be led away by fancies; to imagine that they have made some grand discovery in science, something that will startle the world, in fact, and place them on the pedestal of fame, to be admired by future generations. I am an old man, and in virtue of my age and experience, together with my great friendship for you, I most solemnly adjure you to reconsider your verdict ere you throw away your prospects, your past experience, gained through much study and labour, in favour of a chimera which owes its origin to the dreamy intellect of a visionary German. Let me entreat you to pause ere it be too late."

"I am deeply sensible, sir, of the kindness which prompts you thus to advise me, and were it not that actual experience affords me a sure basis for belief in my newly-avowed principles, I know of no voice more potent than yours to arrest my determination, or of any one whose opinions would have greater weight in leading me to defer my decision until I possessed, if possible, a fuller conviction respecting the truth of Homœopathy."

"But both systems cannot be founded on true principles. Hippocrates, you are aware, founded that system of medicine which your new medical theories seek to upset. Let me ask you a simple question. Is it pos-

sible that a system which has stood the test of time, the test of four thousand years or more, is a false one, and merits to be at once discarded in favour of a system little more than half a century old?"

"I desire to answer your question with becoming deference, and am very far from wishing to set up my opinion in opposition to yours, but permit me to ask in return, How long was it ere the civilised world became enlightened on many other points of science? I need hardly remind you that centuries rolled by ere Galileo announced the truths of astronomy, Newton the law of gravitation, Harvey the circulation of the blood, Jenner the efficacy of vaccination, and last, but not least, Hahnemann the new law of cure, 'Like cures like,' which all met with bitter and determined opposition when first promulgated, but which now, with the exception of the last, are universally acknowledged."

"I readily pardon the presumption of your remark about this *grand* discovery. Our school has possessed clever men who would long ere this have discovered this boasted law of cure had it really been worthy of their attention. Homœopathy is on its trial before the public, and so far as I can learn it meets with a very rough reception. Why, the most illiterate minds ridicule the idea of globules' effecting any good. Children and weak-minded people like the sweet dose, but sensible persons prefer the old system, which, with all its faults, has the authoritative sanction of the past and present."

"I admit Homœopathy is on its trial, but I deny its having met with a rough reception. I can personally

attest the contrary, for even during my short acquaintance with this exact science, its disciples have increased by hundreds, and it gains new adherents daily. Pardon my setting you right on a point on which you err. It is not so much the strength of the dose as the law by which it is selected that effects the good, and as experience teaches that small doses produce the most beneficial results, their adoption in preference to larger doses becomes a necessity. I hope you will excuse me for further adding that ignorance and prejudice are the sole causes of hostility towards Homœopathy—I am convinced of this by my own case—but a conscientious test must result in a conviction of its truth, and turn enemies into friends.”

There was an apparent irritability observable in Dr. Hathaway's manner, as he replied, “Without entering further into an argument upon the merits or demerits of Homœopathy, I must deal candidly with you, and much as I deplore the necessity, I must inform you, that if you persist in your determination to become a Homœopath, the engagement between my daughter and yourself must cease. It is for you to decide.”

A close observer might have detected a look of pain on Dr. Lowe's face as he heard the harsh verdict; but irresolution was not there. No, he was calm, as calm and determined as he ever was during the whole course of his life. Bowing his acknowledgment, he said: “The decision is not mine, sir. As an honourable man, I seek not to be absolved from my engagement to your daughter, but if her hand is to be granted only at the sacrifice of all that a manly heart holds dear—

viz., the honest avowal of deep convictions, I need hardly say that I must forego the happiness that was nearly in my possession."

"You have no wish, then, to reconsider your judgment."

"None whatever, sir."

"Then, Dr. Lowe, I again inform you that you cannot wed my daughter. I loved you as a son; but since you have chosen to embrace principles which I not only disapprove of but actually detest, I must stifle that love. Let me add, that were you my own son, I would discard you, for no Homœopath shall ever darken my door, to my knowledge."*

These words were uttered with the air of one who

* Now it seems almost incredible that although the word Homœopathy and its derivatives are an abomination to the "Faculty," still any amount of practice according to the Hahnemannian law may exist in an institution, and the results be published by the editors of the medical journals, and even be rejoiced over as successes of "legitimate medicine." It is a fact that in London hospitals, *Aconite* is used for fever, *Ipecacuanha* for vomiting, and other remedies as plainly homœopathic to the conditions for which *allopathic* physicians prescribe them; yet so long as the word is unmentioned, or mentioned but with a sneer, the physicians and editors complacently regard themselves as the very essence of professional honesty, sagacity, and wisdom. Indeed, "legitimate medicine" includes any "pathy" under the sun, so long as it is not named; the editors readily open their pages to hydropathy, Homœopathy, magnetism, mesmerism, and quackery of all kinds, so long as they are not labelled; but label some of them, and they are immediately rejected. An Irishman slicing a potato into his whisky toddy, instead of a lemon, was asked why he did so. He said, "To give it a flavour." "What! a potato flavour?" "Sure and isn't a flavour a flavour, whether it's lemon or pítaty?" asked Pat. Thus, in so-called "regular medicine," any remedy is right so long as it is under the cover of Allopathy.

felt all he said, with an animus underlying the whole speech that might have suited an inquisitor in the age of persecution on finding that he had to deal with an obstinate heretic.

Dr. Lowe keenly felt his position. He knew he had done no wrong ; yet he was treated as a criminal.

He was too much of a Christian and a gentleman to retort angrily to the harsh language of Dr. Hathaway, and old kindnesses indelible in memory's page softened his heart towards one who had thus hastily discarded him. Towards the father of Clara Hathaway animosity was impossible.

He contented himself by replying, "Since you so decree it, Dr. Hathaway, it must be so. Still, let us part as friends ; let not the past be obliterated in the angry feelings of the present." He then extended his hand, which Dr. Hathaway took coldly, as he remarked—

"I am not to blame in the matter. You have chosen a path for yourself. I shall explain to Miss Hathaway the altered relationship you bear towards each other henceforth. Good-bye, Dr. Lowe."

"Good-bye, sir ; at some future time you will perhaps regret your harsh treatment of to-day."

They parted : the old man with bitter wrath in his heart ; the younger with a conscience void of offence, lamenting the prejudice and bigotry by which his friend was so securely chained to the chariot-wheels of error.

As he closed the door of the doctor's study, Clara Hathaway approached him.

"Oh, Charles," she said, "I've so much to tell you. But you look harassed and ill. What is the matter? I hope nothing has transpired to cause a difference between papa and yourself."

"My dearest Clara, your father has expressed his determination to break off our engagement, because I have embraced Homœopathy. Surely you, too, will not act so cruelly toward me!"

"Why, my dear Charles, I scarcely know what Homœopathy is, nor do I much care; for I am sure you will be right in what you do. Perhaps papa's anger will disappear by to-morrow, and then I shall prevail upon him to write you an apology, and we shall all be as happy as ever again."

"I am glad, dear Clara, that you do not look upon me as some dreadful ogre or mad enthusiast, who would eat you up, or offer you as a sacrifice on the altar of Homœopathy."

"You are now and ever my own dear Charles. There, good-bye, I hear papa calling. Depend upon it I will soften down his wrath, and all will yet be well."

After taking an affectionate farewell the lovers parted, not to meet again for years.

To know Clara Hathaway was to love her. She was a guileless, pure creature, whose heart, overflowing with love, imparted to her whole being a warmth irresistible in its brightness to all who were privileged to share in her love and friendship. Her goodness was only equalled by her beauty. She had a complexion delicately soft and pure, enhanced by rich golden hair, falling in luxuriant curls over her finely-formed

shoulders. Her eyes beamed with intelligence and kindness, and the purity of her soul shone out through them, irradiating her features with so much gentleness and benevolence, that really one could truly say she derived her chief attraction from this source. In a word, she was beautiful, both physically and morally, for a deep religious feeling, like the streaming effulgence of the sun through an exquisitely-painted window, which develops into a thousand charms beauties otherwise unobserved, added a rich tone to these natural gifts.

She loved Dr. Lowe deeply, and he so reciprocated her affection, that his had increased day by day until it had become a part of his very existence. For her sake he was ready to make any sacrifice, truth excepted. This he could not forego upon any earthly consideration, for truth he felt was immortal, a part of the Divine essence itself. Yet to be debarred from seeing Clara, or perhaps hearing from her, was the height of earthly trouble. He was somewhat consoled on receiving a letter from her containing the expression of an unaltered love and affection. She encouraged him by stating that she greatly admired his consistency, and felt her esteem for him strengthened by his avowal of his principles; and that although it involved a sacrifice to them both, yet if they were but true to each other their reward would be sure to come at last. Her father, she added, had not relented, but had even forbidden her corresponding with him, which made her very sad. He would not blame her, she was sure, for obeying her father's injunctions, or be surprised or

hurt at her silence. The letter, in fact, was a most loving one, and every word in it conveyed a soothing balm to the mind of him to whom it was addressed.

Stored up within his heart were many hallowed recollections of bygone days; and as memory led him back along the pathway of the past, halting at all those familiar places that love and affection had rendered sacred, a sadness stole over him, and, man though he was, he wept bitterly. Dangers and perils are powerless to move the hero's heart; but the more noble his nature the more readily will he accord a tearful tribute to love and friendship; while at the distress of the veriest outcast of the human family, he will melt with a tender sympathy.

Dr. Lowe had given proof of his devotion to Clara at the risk of his life, and as we hope the chief characters in our story have succeeded in winning the interests of the reader, we revert to the event in a few words. Our hero first met Clara Hathaway at the house of a mutual friend, while on a visit at the sea-side. Before separating, the party of friends started on a yachting excursion round the coast. Though there was a fresh breeze, the day was sufficiently fair to promise uninterrupted enjoyment to all on board. Dr. Lowe was in the forepart of the vessel conversing with one of his gentlemen friends, when he was startled by a cry, followed by the words, "Clara Hathaway is overboard!" and on looking in the wake of the yacht he saw a figure rise to the surface. To spring into the water was the work of a moment, and to swim quickly in the direction of the drowning girl a task to which

he devoted his best energies. Fortunately he reached her as she was sinking to rise no more, and firmly clasped her with a nervous grasp. Clara was senseless, and the pale face on which he gazed seemed painfully to indicate that aid had come too late. In a short time, however, both he and his burden were safe on board; where, after a period of agonising suspense, all had the gratification of seeing her restored to consciousness. The accident was caused by the breaking loose of one of the sails, which had knocked her overboard. It need not be added that Dr. Hathaway was profuse in his thanks to the deliverer of his child, or that Clara's esteem for him, combining with her gratitude, insensibly grew into a softer feeling.

"Surely," the reader exclaims, "no man would act in the manner Dr. Hathaway has been shown to have acted towards one who had saved the life of his only child, merely in consequence of a difference of opinion!"

It is well known, however, that, as a rule, the members of the allopathic school are deeply prejudiced against the professors of Homœopathy—nay, that they would persecute them openly, as heretics of old were persecuted, did not the law forbid it.

In Dr. Hathaway's case, there existed a deep-rooted prejudice against the new system, simply on account of its antagonism to the principles which he professed, and to which he had given a life-long adhesion. Nothing is more difficult of eradication than class prejudice, because it precludes the possibility of a better understanding being brought about between the parties. Dr. Hathaway had loved the man, but hated

the system ; in his ignorant prejudice he now extended his hatred of the system to the man who had dared openly to avow his belief in its principles.

Even under the boasted enlightenment and liberality of the nineteenth century, men are found who attempt to stop medical progress by a systematic vilification of Homœopathy, and consider no method too low, or base, or mean, if only it secures their object. Alas that it should be so ; that an attempt should be made to extinguish the torch of homœopathic truth, which has already thrown such a glorious halo upon the horizon of human suffering, diffusing by its light the blessings of health upon all who will accept the boon so freely offered.

The leading allopathic journals were full of the matter of Dr. Lowe's refusal of the appointment of physician to the H—— Infirmary, charitably attributing its cause to the fact of his having taken leave of his senses, and so forth. His friends and professional acquaintances sought an explanation at his hands ; and on finding it was really true, that he had sacrificed such excellent prospects to his allegiance to homœopathic principles, they ceased to visit him or even notice him in the streets. When speaking to each other on the subject they usually shrugged their shoulders, remarking that he was the last person to whom they should have imputed insanity.

But the object of all this gossip and slander, with perfect unconcern as to what people said or thought about him, pursued his course of benevolent exertion, and was amply repaid for the loss of friends and reputation by the marvellous cures which, under Provi-

dence, he had the privilege of working by homœopathic principles. Nor did his practice decrease to the extent prognosticated by certain wiseacres, for people began to inquire into the subject when such cures were effected by Homœopathy, and personal considerations induced them to embrace so safe and agreeable a system. Even those who had derided him for his change of views were glad enough to come to him in their hour of need, and in ameliorating their sufferings he truly "heaped coals of fire on their heads."

Is it not a wonder, dear reader, that the mere mention of Homœopathy should awaken in the breasts of thousands a determined opposition to those who adopt it as a prefix to their names? The fact is, the word conveys a meaning which is gall and bitterness to the soul of Allopathy or old physic. It means, death to bleeding, leeches, and cupping glasses. It means, death to anarchy, confusion, and routine in medicine. It imposes a law where there was no law, and demands incessant care and study in the proper application of it. In a word, its simplicity and its potent remedial powers are antagonistic to the complications and impotency of the old teaching and its remedies. Orthodoxy cannot bear the thought of such a comprehensively sweeping change. "Repair me if you will," cries old physic; "remove one brick, but put another of like shape and size in its place; introduce new remedies, propose new combinations of remedies; modify, but don't destroy the venerable pile; change my substance, but let me retain my old form." There is a limit to forbearance, however, and the march of progress which demands the

removal of commercial and ecclesiastical obstructions cannot allow such a superstructure to remain. No wonder that the fabric of Allopathy trembles to its foundation, despite the great efforts that are being made to bolster it up against the demolition with which Homœopathy threatens it.*

Homœopathy can afford to "bide its time," and even now gives ample promise of what it will eventually attain to when prejudice and ignorance shall have ceased to enslave men's minds. Time, and observation at the bedside of the patient, will prove whether Homœopathy is right in the principles she promulgates. To that arbitrament all lovers of the new law of cure have at all times desired to commit the issue.

Dr. Lowe was willing to leave the justification of his proceeding to the development of time, and in his well-grounded and experimental belief in Homœopathy he went contentedly along, allowing his enemies to expend their ignorant malice against himself and the cause which he so nobly and unselfishly advocated. As the event of his conversion to Homœopathy created no small amount of wonder and gossip in the town and neighbourhood, the reader will now be introduced to the personages who took a leading part for or against him.

* In a recent letter to the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, Professor F. W. Newman, in resenting the authority of the "medical Faculty," as quoted by a doctor in support of another subject, reminded the doctor that the medical Faculty had "long since undermined respect for itself;" and as evidence of its loss of the confidence of the people, he stated it was "notorious that in every country in Christendom, Homœopathy had been supplanting Allopathy for the last forty years."



CHAPTER IV.

DR. OGILVIE MEETS WITH AN UNEXPECTED DEFEAT, AND
HOMŒOPATHY IS VICTORIOUS.

PREVIOUS to his conversion to Homœopathy, Dr. Lowe had mixed much in society. He was greatly admired and sought after on account of his agreeable manners and polished wit. He was decidedly a favourite with all classes. The rich enjoyed his company, and were benefited by his treatment, while the poor always found in him a true friend. But as he dared to think and act for himself by embracing Homœopathy, his rich and fashionable friends and patients forsook him. He had committed, in their opinion, a heinous offence. He had deliberately chosen a very low position, and so had transgressed the laws of good society, which, in return, closed its doors and turned its back upon him. No person was more actively opposed to him than his former friend and colleague, Dr. Ogilvie. The latter went so far as to assert, that since Dr. Lowe had turned Homœopath he had no legal right to bear his former title, or to practise medicine.* He called

* Although many men condescend to falsehood about such matters, it ought to be known—1st. That no one in this country is legally

once upon Dr. Lowe, when his manner was so stiff and formal, that it plainly intimated his wish to discontinue their professional and friendly intercourse. Dr. Lowe was not unprepared for this conduct.

"I'm not displeased, Ogilvie," he said, "at your change of manner towards me, nor do I desire further professional intercourse with you. I could not consistently advise you as heretofore, for Allopathy to me is a thing of the past, to be remembered only with regret. I am thankful to have escaped from its trammels, and desire no longer *in any way to be associated with it.*"

Dr. Ogilvie was rather confused on hearing this speech, for he rightly conjectured that the stress on the concluding words was meant to apply to him personally. In the course of conversation, he had roused Dr. Lowe's indignation by his insulting remarks against Homœopathy, and was met by this rather cutting rejoinder. What presumption! Here was one who was under the deepest obligations to him both professionally and otherwise—one whom he had taken by the hand, and assisted to a fair practice—one moreover, whom he had aided with his advice in critical cases—in spite of all these deep obligations

recognised as a qualified practitioner whose name is not on the medical register. 2nd. That all whose names appear on that register have passed the same examinations for the same diplomas. 3rd. That, therefore, homœopathic practitioners know all that their compeers do, and the science of Homœopathy besides; and—4th. That any one on the medical register may practise whatever he likes, or nothing, yet in the eye of the law he is "fully qualified." Of course there are "unqualified" practitioners attached to every school of doctors.

assuming a tone of superiority because of his change of opinion. Such base ingratitude placed entirely out of the question that regret with which Dr. Lowe might otherwise have parted with an old associate.

Dr. Ogilvie was too much a slave to public opinion, and too firmly wedded to self, to appreciate true nobility of soul in another, and was therefore not ashamed to insult high principles displayed in the defence of a good cause. His little-mindedness led him to disparage Dr. Lowe upon every occasion. In this he had a twofold object. The first was to ruin the professional reputation of his former friend, the other to secure for himself the splendid practice which he had relinquished. Although he partially succeeded in the first, he yet signally failed in the second; he might be an Allopath, but Dr. Lowe's practice was not to be easily secured by one so devoid of professional skill. Instead of improving, his own practice deteriorated sadly, now that he had not his friend's able advice to assist him. But slander bore some little fruit, as will be seen from the following conversation between two of Dr. Lowe's old patients.

"You have heard of Lowe's freak, of course. It's odd, isn't it?"

"A touch of insanity, that's all. I wonder whether it's a family complaint!"

"I'm afraid it's not of a temporary character. From what I can learn the madness appears chronic."

"I'm sorry for him; he was such a promising fellow. In fact, there was no doctor I liked better than Lowe."

"Ogilvie tells me he has forfeited all legal right to be styled doctor, or to practise medicine."

"What could have possessed him to take such a step? He certainly sacrificed a good appointment as physician to the H—— Infirmary."

"I'll tell you in confidence what I heard from Ogilvie. He says that he could never understand why people should have thought so much of Lowe, since he had no pretensions to cleverness whatever, and that if he had possessed a thorough knowledge of medical science, he would never have turned quack."

"I must confess I can hardly credit Ogilvie in this matter. If Lowe was not clever and well up in his profession, he would not have been appointed physician to the Infirmary?"

"That's just the objection I made to Ogilvie, who replied that it was Dr. Hathaway's influence that secured the appointment; but that Lowe knew that he wasn't competent for the post, and got out of it by turning Homœopath."

"Well, the more I hear of the matter, the stranger it appears. It's Lowe's business, however, not ours. I'm sorry, though, that we have lost him, he was such an agreeable fellow, and a capital hand at whist."

So it is always with the world. People are ever ready to credit the most absurd stories about a person who has done violence to public opinion. In the case of Dr. Lowe, it was fortunate that slander could bring nothing against him as a gentleman and a Christian, otherwise his private reputation would not have remained unassailed.

In the present day, there are numbers who do not believe that Homœopaths can legally be doctors; they are ignorantly misled by the slanders which men of Dr. Ogilvie's stamp originate; men who have the effrontery to circulate false reports respecting their opponents. The fact is, homœopathic doctors receive their diplomas after passing satisfactory examinations before allopathic professors, and, if they choose, are fully competent to practise Allopathy. This is not generally credited, but it is a fact, nevertheless, and one which ought to weigh with those who are fond of traducing such an excellent and intelligent body of public servants as Homœopaths have proved themselves.

Among homœopathic practitioners, there is, with but rare exceptions, perfect unanimity regarding the proper treatment of diseases. In fact, it is next to impossible that they should not hold the same opinions and adopt the same method of treatment, since they see the same objects through the same medium; the natural result of a knowledge of the true laws of medicine. On the other hand, the cleverest and ablest men in the allopathic school have acknowledged that the utmost diversity of opinion exists among them as a body.

Homœopathy loses nothing by persecution; on the contrary, its adversaries push matters to such extremities, that by the very violence of their attacks people are led to inquire about it, and in numerous cases to give it a fair trial; when, convinced by its force and truth, former enemies become its firmest supporters.

In spite of opposition, it has rolled onward round the world, encircling continents, until, in the present day, there remains no spot on which civilisation has planted its foot where Homœopathy has not made good an entrance by successfully battling with the worst kinds of known diseases.

The opposition to Dr. Lowe received two salutary checks. The first was at an evening party, given by a lady named Mrs. Winthorpe, one of the most influential personages of the town, whose pleasant parties he had so often enlivened, that his absence was rendered the more conspicuous, and led to remarks about its cause. The conversation then naturally turned upon the subject of his conversion to Homœopathy. Several ladies were present, conspicuous among whom was Mrs. Gordon, the wealthy widow of a tradesman who had amassed a colossal fortune, only to leave it to his wife to spend. She was a person of no education, but her wealth proved a passport to the best society which the town afforded.

Among the gentlemen of the party were Dr. Ogilvie, the Rev. G. Glass, rector of the parish, Mr. Simpkins, a confirmed dandy, Mr. Lee, an American gentleman on a visit to his friend, Mrs. Winthorpe, and others whose names need not be mentioned.

Mr. Simpkins commenced the conversation about Dr. Lowe by remarking,

"Well, Ogilvie, you've lost your chum Lowe. Very strange, isn't it, his acting as he has?"

"Do you think so?" replied the doctor. "I don't. It's but natural that with a mere superficial knowledge

of our science he should have been easily led on to embrace Homœopathy."

"Just what I thought," said Simpkins, who was glad of an opportunity to say something cutting about Dr. Lowe, whom he did not like, because he had made him the subject of his wit on several occasions. "Just my opinion to the letter. You don't think it's insanity then, do you, Ogilvie?"

"By no means. There's no harm in speaking of the matter now, but I know for certain that he was incompetent to assume such a responsible position as physician to the H—— Infirmary, so he was glad to save his professional reputation by becoming a Homœopath."

This was said with the greatest effrontery imaginable, and the speaker looked as perfectly self-satisfied as possible, although he knew he was uttering a slanderous falsehood.

Mr. Simpkins, too, adjusted his eyeglass, pulled up his cravat, and looked round on the assembled company with an air of wisdom extremely ludicrous.

"Ah, poor Dr. Lowe!" sighed Mrs. Winthorpe, "I am so sorry for him. He was such an extremely agreeable person; I miss him so much. And poor Miss Hathaway too, she's very miserable, I dare say, through his conversion to Homœopathy."

"Was that Miss Hathaway whom I met here last year?" asked a young lady of the company.

"It was, I have no doubt; she's an exceedingly beautiful and amiable girl."

"I remember her well," said Mr. Glass. "I thought her a very interesting young lady."

"More's the pity that Dr. Lowe should have sacrificed her to Homœopathy," chimed in another of the young ladies present.

"I call it cruel treatment," rejoined another. "I would never think of further encouraging the attentions of a gentleman who acted as he has done."

"Ah! but all gentlemen are not like Doctor Lowe," replied Simpkins; "the generality know better what's due to the fair sex. I for my part would make any sacrifice for the ladies."

"How kind of you to say so, Mr. Simpkins! We are all so much obliged to you," said the ladies in chorus, at which the object of their thanks looked intensely gratified, and viewed himself for several minutes in an opposite mirror.

"That we are," said Mrs. Gordon. "Us ladies deserve the most delicate consideration at the hands of gentlemen. I'd like to have caught my late and much-lamented husband sacrificing me to Homœopathy, or anything else."

"Quite right," said the young ladies, who could not suppress a titter.

"What's Homœopathy, I'd like to know?" said Simpkins, contemptuously.

"That us ladies should be put aside for it!" added Mrs. Gordon.

"It's a very harmless sort of thing, I've heard," replied Mr. Glass. "Nothing but sweet powders, and clear water, and tiny globules made of sugar."

"You've been misinformed, my dear sir," Dr. Ogilvie remarked. "It is not harmless by any means; on

the contrary, it's very dangerous. It's a system of poisoning."

"Bless my heart alive, sir, you don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Gordon, looking out from under her spectacles, with horror depicted on her countenance.

"You've not taken their medicines, I hope, dear madam," remarked the doctor.

"Not me—but Jemima my niece have. Only to think, if she should be poisoned in her youth!"

"I'm sorry to hear it, ma'am," replied Dr. Ogilvie. "Her system will never recover the shock."

"My poor, dear Jemima! I'll write by the first post," replied Mrs. Gordon, excitedly.

"Homœopathy is too mysterious for me," observed a gentleman of the company present. "I do not understand it, so I do not believe it."

"I'll never have anything to do with it," remarked a young lady; "it would not suit my constitution, nerves, or habits."

"Homœopathy may be all very well in certain diseases," observed another; "perhaps in chronic affections, when time is not of so much importance; but in acute cases, which demand active treatment—in inflammation of the lungs, for instance—it is out of the question."*

"It would not suit the ladies, I'm sure," remarked Dr. Ogilvie; "they would have to dispense with scents, to give up certain kinds of food, in fact, to submit to such restrictions as at last to be scarcely permitted to eat or drink."†

* See Note on p. 16.

† Any absurd statement is good enough for some persons to throw

"How dreadful! How shocking!" was repeated in chorus by the assembled ladies, one of whom remarked to her companion in an undertone, "It wouldn't suit Mr. Simpkins, then."

"No, indeed," was the reply, "he's too fond of scents to give them up even for his health's sake," on which they both took a sly glance at the dandy.

"I dare undertake to swallow all the globules of a homœopathic pharmacy," half jokingly remarked Mr. Glass.*

The company were getting very merry all this time at the expense of Homœopathy.

When there was a comparative lull, the American gentleman observed to Dr. Ogilvie, "Pardon me, sir, but have you ever tried Homœopathy?"

at Homœopathy; but the system requires avoidance of nothing which contributes to the real welfare or comfort of the body.

* The contradictoriness in opinion respecting Homœopathy amongst those represented by Dr. Ogilvie on the one hand, and the clergyman on the other, evidently arises from ignorance. A grimly amusing illustration occurred a few years since. A little girl fell ill, and her mother gave her some globules of *Belladonna*; as she did not improve, a surgeon was sent for, but his assistant came, and asked what the child had had. On the globules being mentioned, he said they were "foolery and humbug." But his superior went afterwards, and gave more vigorous treatment; and when the child died he attributed her death to the globules, and called an inquest. This surgeon actually told the jury that the small bottle of "foolery" might contain poison enough to kill all the town! Yet the same gentleman added that he had "examined" the globules remaining in the phial by "eating one," that it "had nothing but a sweet taste," and that he "knew nothing of the effect these globules would have!" This very worthy man was the representative of "scientific medicine" in Wycombe, Bucks. If a single patient dies after homœopathic treatment, a hue and cry is raised; if a score die after allopathic treatment, no stir is made, neither doctors nor people seem to be surprised.—See *H. World*, vol. viii. p. 215.

"Not I—nor do I ever mean to do so. I cautioned Mr. Lowe" (he studiously avoided styling him doctor) "against doing so, warning him that he might fall a victim to the speciously written works on the subject."

"You were hardly in earnest then, I conceive, when you asserted that Homœopathy was a system of poisoning."

"I boldly reassert what I said. Homœopathy consists in a single remedy—always a poison, administered in water or powder, for every kind of disease."

"I am intimately acquainted with Homœopathy, and can say truly that it is not a system of poisoning. Its *Materia Medica* embraces the three kingdoms of nature—the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral."

"But Homœopaths freely use *Belladonna*, *Arsenic*, *Mercury*, and *Aconite*, and other substances, all of which are strong poisons?"

"Granted, they prescribe them when necessary. What then? Can you assert that Allopaths do not use these same medicines in more massive doses?"

"We have the authority of the past and present for Allopathy, while Homœopathy is but a thing of yesterday. Besides, I believe its boasted cures are owing purely to the imagination of its patients. Not a single cure is due to Homœopathy."

Seeing that the opponents were pretty well matched, the company did not interpose a word, but left them in full possession of the field. Mrs. Gordon paid marked attention to what was being said, and nodded her head in a confirmatory manner when any opinion was expressed which agreed with her way of thinking.

Mr. Simpkins evidently thought the subject a bore, for he looked ill-humoured and impatient, and divided his time between contemplating his nails and his boots, and admiring himself in the mirror.

"That's a sweeping conclusion to arrive at," observed Mr. Lee, in answer to Dr. Ogilvie's last remark. "How can imagination act in such cases as Cholera, Yellow-fever, and other malignant diseases, when the faculties, both physical and mental, are utterly prostrated? Surely the imagination can hardly be credited with the cure under such circumstances! The hypothesis, moreover, would hardly hold good in the case of infants at the breast, or of animals under homœopathic veterinary treatment." *

"Have you ever known these diseases to be cured by Homœopathy?"

"Frequently, most frequently. I have, under Providence, effected cures myself, when in the backwoods far away from medical assistance of any kind. Besides, if such be the case, why does not Allopathy also cure by a process of the imagination? I'm sure its patients would not grumble at *the means* as long as they were cured."

Finding that he could not overcome his opponent on this point, Dr. Ogilvie changed his tactics, and remarked:

"If Homœopathy be so potent a curative power, why

* The wonderful success resulting from the homœopathic treatment of the diseases of animals, notably pleuro-pneumonia, etc., sufficiently attests its superiority over the ordinary barbarous method, as well as controverts the statement so often repeated, that imagination or faith has some share in the cures by Homœopathy.

is it so little appreciated? Why is its practice so circumscribed?"

"Pardon me, but it is not everywhere so little known, or so circumscribed. It has spread remarkably even in England, since its introduction in 1830 by Dr. Romeo, who came from Naples to attend Lord Shrewsbury."

"Yes, yes," said Ogilvie, impatiently; "but has it achieved a like success out of England? Here we always have people who thirst for reform, and who are in love with every new idea—pretend to go along with the age—hasten the hatching of every scientific chrysalis, and are eager for anything promising novelty."

"The most fitting reply to your query is, that its field is the world. In Austria Homœopaths are quite as numerous as Allopaths. In Hungary and Prussia Homœopathy is much in favour, and in the latter country a homœopathic physician is attached to the Court. Switzerland has also adopted it. In Spain, Queen Isabella II. bestowed the Grand Cross on Dr. Nines, and appointed him her physician. In Italy it has met with a brilliant reception, and in Russia it is encouraged and warmly supported by the Imperial family and by influential persons of all classes of society. In the New World its successes have been most remarkable. We Americans want to be cured speedily, and pay liberally for it. Homœopathy just suits us. We have separate dispensaries and hospitals for it, so that its professors are not obliged to pass under the allopathic yoke. And so great is the confidence in the superiority of the treat-

ment that Homœopaths are insured in New York at reduced rates."

"Your remarks have greatly interested me, Mr. Lee," observed Mrs. Winthorpe; "I was not aware that you understood Homœopathy. I'm afraid you have thought us very rude."

"Oh! don't name it, dear madam. I am so accustomed to hear objections brought against the system, that I cease to feel annoyed at them."

"You've certainly surprised me," remarked Mr. Glass. "I was not aware that Homœopathy was so extensively known and appreciated."

Mr. Lee bowed his acknowledgments.

"Jemima won't be pisoned after all, will she, sir?" asked Mrs. Gordon.

"Certainly not, madam," replied Mr. Lee, with a smile; "Homœopathy is a safe and agreeable system of medicine, notwithstanding the pretended startling effect of a death occurring under homœopathic treatment. But do our opponents really imagine that we any more than themselves can reverse the inevitable decree, "Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return"?"

Dr. Ogilvie, upon thus finding himself defeated, and the company siding with his opponent, suddenly remembered a pressing professional call which he had to make, and begged to be excused. On leaving he bowed very stiffly to Mr. Lee, who appeared in nowise disconcerted by the circumstance. A long conversation ensued about Homœopathy. Mr. Lee gave a very lucid explanation of its principles, and half convinced his hearers of the justice of the cause he was advocating.

"I cannot concede, after what I've heard," remarked Mr. Glass, "that Dr. Lowe has acted otherwise than as a perfectly sane person in embracing Homœopathy. My opinion of his skill, cleverness, and intelligence, always stood high."

"So did mine," observed Simpkins, who, liking to go with the majority, had a perfect horror of being thought singular; "he's remarkably clever."

"I grant that Dr. Ogilvie's remarks somewhat surprised me," said Mrs. Winthorpe; "Dr. Lowe's professional reputation always stood so high before his conversion to Homœopathy."

"It's not surprising by any means," Mr. Lee observed; "I have always found professional Allopaths the bitterest against Homœopaths. One would have thought that their common mission would cement them in a common friendship; but it is just the contrary, I am sorry to say."

"Is Homœopathy good for Influenza, sir?" asked Mrs. Gordon.

"An excellent remedy, madam," replied Mr. Lee.

"My housekeeper has it; and I mean to put her under *homocratic* treatment," said Mrs. Gordon.

One of the young ladies remarked, "I can't see that Dr. Lowe has acted wrongly in embracing Homœopathy, but I can't forgive his casting off Clara Hathaway for it."

"What has become of the Hathaways?" asked Mr. Glass; "I made their acquaintance when they were here on a visit to Dr. Lowe, and found them extremely pleasant people."

"They have left H——. After the disappointment which Dr. Lowe's proceeding caused them, they went on the Continent, and I cannot ascertain whether they have returned to England. All I know is that their house at H—— is let, and that they do not intend to live there again."

Mr. Lee's defence of Homœopathy imposed some check upon the opposition which had been stirred up against Dr. Lowe, principally by Dr. Ogilvie, and in a few days after the evening party, all those who had been intimate with him previously, called and left their cards.

Dr. Lowe's friends had not been idle in defending the step he had taken. Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson were successful in inducing many to embrace Homœopathy; and the latter was also very active among the poorer classes of the town, whose favour was enlisted in the cause. One evening when these friends were met together, Mr. Jamieson remarked:

"Why don't you give a lecture on Homœopathy, Lowe? It would have a good effect. Ogilvie, I find, has been circulating the most absurd rumours about you, which, for your sake alone, require a public refutation."

"It's a capital idea," said Dr. Roe, "and worth carrying out."

"I've anticipated your wish, and have the subject of a lecture nearly prepared. I was on the point of mentioning the circumstance to you."

"Oh! that will be delightful," remarked Mrs. Jamieson; "I am sure you will have a crowded audience, and good results will spring from it."

Dr. Lowe thanked his friends very warmly for their support and encouragement; and that evening it was finally settled that the lecture should take place in a fortnight.

Accordingly placards announcing the fact were posted up, and caused quite a stir in the usually quiet place. Everybody had heard of Dr. Lowe's refusal of the appointment of physician to the H—— Infirmary, and of the cancelling of the engagement between him and Clara Hathaway, and was eager therefore to hear his defence. Dr. Ogilvie was unremitting in his attempts to prevail upon his acquaintances not to attend, but without success; curiosity was too strongly aroused. As Mrs. Jamieson anticipated, the place was crowded; in fact such a gathering had not been known in the town for years. Mrs. Winthorpe, Mrs. Gordon, and the ladies and gentlemen whom we have introduced to the reader, were in attendance. Dr. Roe presided, and introduced the lecturer to his audience in a very telling speech. Dr. Lowe began his lecture before a hushed assembly, and marked attention followed him throughout. After giving a short account of the life of Hahnemann, the speaker passed on to explain the principles of Homœopathy, contrasting them with those of Allopathy, and, in a masterly manner, showed the superiority of the new system as an art of healing. He also referred to the prominent medicines in the Homœopathic *Materia Medica*, and described their action. Hahnemann, he said, may have erred in using globules, which had proved an obstruction in the path of Homœopathy. He did not mean to imply that

Hahnemann was not right on principle, but rather that his globules unduly excite the opposition of people who choose to remain ignorant of their real medicinal value. "A man of globules" had become a term of reproach for a Homœopath, and even should such an one administer massive doses, this appellation would continue to cling to him. The lecturer then proceeded to describe what a globule was and how it was prepared. He observed that homœopathic medicines include substances furnished by the three natural kingdoms. Some of these act in their cruder forms; others, inert by nature, require to be divested of their material envelope, or otherwise prepared in order to acquire some therapeutic action; among these are *Lycopodium*, *Silicea*, *Sepia*, *Carbonate of Lime*, *Gold*, etc. To develop in each its specific virtue, it is necessary to set free its ultimate particles. An ounce of quicksilver might probably be swallowed without injury to the body, but a tenth of that amount, ground up with some substance which would effectually separate its atoms, so that each one could have its own effect, would, if taken by the same person, produce irreparable mischief. Hence the subdivision of solid agents and the dilution of tinctures. The process is simple enough. Take *Belladonna* as an example. To a drop of the tincture of this medicine add a given number of drops of rectified spirits of wine,—let the bottle containing this mixture be well shaken. This would give the first dilution. A portion of this dilution, added to more spirits of wine, would give the second dilution, and so on to the one required.

Medicated globules are *Sugar of Milk*, impregnated with the tincture or dilution of a given remedy. Henceforth a globule should represent itself to the mind as the vehicle of some medicinal fluid. The remedies obtained by using portions of alcohol and the purified substance, are called mother tinctures.

A homœopathic pharmacy contains from two to five hundred available medicines in different dilutions. Yet the opponents of Homœopathy affirm that Homœopaths only employ one medicine in the form of a white powder or clear water.

It would be tedious to detail all the points touched upon in Dr. Lowe's lecture; suffice it to say that it was comprehensive in its scope, and adapted to the varied intelligence of the audience.

In addition to other interesting matter, the doctor related anecdotes aptly illustrative of the ignorant and persistent unbelief which sometimes prevails in reference to accomplished facts, and of the low estimate which is often formed of the projectors of many a useful invention.

One day two men were sitting on the right bank of the Rhone; the one was a rich proprietor who lived in a neighbouring parish, the other a poor boatman born in a village not far distant, who earned his living by looking after the boats which at that time went up from Beaucaire to Lyons.

They were acquainted with each other, and being both tired, sat down to rest under the shade of a clump of white poplars.

The landowner thus addressed the boatman:—

"Well, good neighbour, have you heard about the grand discovery that has just been made?"

"What discovery, sir?"

"One that will soon do away with the need of horses, to tow the boats up the Rhone."

"How's that, sir?"

"The thing is very simple; a way has been found out by which they will go up by themselves."

"It's not possible, sir; it's not possible! I never can believe that!"

"And why not, my good friend?"

"Because it is impossible."

"But why do you think it is impossible?"

"Because, do you see, sir, although our hands are pretty strong, it costs us no little labour and time to bring up the boats; and you would make me believe they are to get up by themselves? It's not possible!"

"Listen, my friend, I will tell you how it is. Pay great attention."

The landowner then explained to the man the construction of a steamboat, describing the mechanism of its various parts, and by simple comparisons endeavouring to place the subject before him in a manner suited to his comprehension.

After having listened to the explanation most attentively, the boatman rejoined, "All this may be true, but I do not believe it."

At the same moment a rumbling noise was heard in the distance, growing louder and louder as it approached, when a large vessel glided over the water and mounted the current without any help. It passed by with the

rapidity of a racehorse. Its paddles intersected the stream, its wheels moved like the arms of a giant, its boiler roared like a volcano, and every moment a cloud of white vapour issued from its fiery mouth.

It then disappeared; for a short time the rumbling noise was still heard in the distance, a rolling cloud of black smoke was seen, and the waves of the river, crested with foam, dashed against the bank where the landowner and the boatman were seated.

The latter would have spoken, but surprise and agitation choked his utterance. Such is the force of facts; a fact can make its way against a stream of the most violent opposition, can silence the most obstinate denial, and crush the strongest disbelief in its pitiless grasp. As an eminent writer has it, "Nothing is so brutal as a fact." But facts are often stranger than fiction, and so marvellous do projected schemes sometimes appear, that incredulity respecting them is no necessary badge of an illiterate mind, as shown in the case of Sir Walter Scott. Having, while in London, heard a plan discussed for lighting the metropolis with gas, on his return to Edinburgh he mentioned the subject to some friends, who were members of various learned professions. The supposed absurdity of the scheme provoked general and hearty laughter. "Gentlemen," said Sir Walter, "I must confess such fools as this man with his coal smoke are worse than other fools; they are most stubborn fools, and cannot be dissuaded in any manner from their monomania." Some twenty years afterwards Sir Walter Scott became a director of the Edinburgh Gas Light Com-

pany! And the "stubborn fools," attached to their "monomania" of Homœopathy, with the irresistible logic of facts will win many another Sir Walter to their ranks.

At the close of the lecture, Dr. Lowe said that he felt a word was needed in connection with his conversion to Homœopathy. He had patiently investigated it, had put it to the most searching test, and had found it a grand principle, a living truth, fraught with inestimable blessings to mankind. Numerous causes had been assigned for his refusal of the appointment of physician to the H—— Infirmary; but he was guided in the matter solely by conscientious scruples, and a desire to deal fairly and honestly by those who had conferred upon him their patronage. His self-respect would have for ever fled had he accepted the post, and continued the practice of Allopathy, well knowing its incompleteness as a law of cure, and its impotency to afford lasting relief to the ills of suffering humanity.

He sat down amid thunders of applause, and a vote of thanks being moved for him, was carried without a single dissentient voice.

Here was a triumph for Homœopathy, and numbers flocked to its standard. A lucid explanation of Homœopathy must always carry conviction with it, a result which is never obtained by an attempt at mysticism. In fact, under the able hands of Dr. Lowe and Dr. Roe, Homœopathy gained ground so fast that Allopathy was completely cast into the shade.

Dr. Ogilvie's opposition was also subdued. Indeed,

he even went so far as to wish he had embraced Homœopathy himself. The circumstance which gave rise to such a feeling was that a lady patient of his, who found herself making no progress under his treatment, one day told him that she had serious thoughts of trying Homœopathy.

"Do so, by all means," he said ; and added, in a confidential tone, "I can treat you homœopathically, if you wish !"

"No, thank you, sir," was the sharp answer, "I've no wish to become the subject of your experiments, but prefer consulting a qualified homœopathic practitioner."

So she called in Dr. Lowe, under whose care she rapidly recovered.



CHAPTER V.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

MRS. JAMIESON augured truly. Good results did spring from Dr. Lowe's lecture. People were not so prejudiced against Homœopathy but that common sense should readily intimate to them the utter impossibility that such a man as the lecturer—a really clever, gifted man—should lend himself to a deception for no apparent object—no realisation of gain or position. It is not thus that designing men usually act, it is not thus that medical quacks seek to fill their purses or add to their reputation. The circumstances attending his conversion were fully known before the lecture, and although slander had been rife, its aspersions hung about him like the flimsy cobweb around the giant oak, easily dispersed by the wind of truth. Many were ashamed that they had been misled by slanderous reports, and repented that by their credulity they had helped to disseminate them. They were forced to confess that he had acted the part of a noble-minded man; he had sacrificed self-interest on the altar of the public good, and battled heroically against a combination of adverse circumstances, which had tested severely his devotion to his new principles.

Dr. Lowe is but the type of many who are to be

found in the ranks of Homœopathy, persons who have forsaken error for the truth, and who having bought it at a great sacrifice, will not part with it for any earthly consideration. Such men deserve honour, and despite the insulting contempt and ridicule of their professional opponents, they are highly honoured in the daily, nay, hourly, increasing confidence and trust reposed in them by a large, intelligent, and influential section of the general public. In connection with the reaction of public opinion in favour of Dr. Lowe and Homœopathy, the pertinent question arises, Who was the greatest gainer thereby, he or the public? The public, decidedly.

A physician devotedly attached to his profession from a sense of the benefits which his efforts procure for mankind, and not from the pecuniary advantages accruing from an extended and lucrative practice, is, beyond all other men, a public benefactor. This is especially the case with a clever and hardworking Homœopath, as he uses the most efficacious law of cure, in conjunction with his skill and devotedness. Dr. Lowe's triumph encouraged the friends and adherents of Homœopathy to put forth redoubled efforts. Would that all disciples of our beautiful science would do likewise, and strive by every legitimate means to hasten its supremacy, then would Homœopathy, no longer entrammelled by the tyrant yoke of its enemies, have free scope to develop itself and take full possession of the world of medicine!

There was yet another and altogether unexpected result from the lecture.

A fortnight afterwards Dr. Lowe received the following letter :—

DEAR SIR,—Permit me to express my sincere regard for the noble manner in which you have acted in embracing Homœopathy at such great personal sacrifices. It was a source of gratification to the friends of the cause that Homœopathy should have gained you as a disciple ; and especially pleasant was it to me to hear your able defence of its principles, as embodied in your recent lecture. It is painfully evident that there is great opposition to be overcome ere Homœopathy reaches the position which it richly merits, and we are often tempted to despond and doubt whether it will ever be emancipated from its cruel bondage. Suffer me also to remark that I was particularly pleased with your moderate and unabusive language touching Allopathy, although you were speaking under great provocation. Our opponents must be overcome by facts drawn from experience, and not by uncivil epithets or useless recriminations such as they employ towards ourselves. A similar courtesy and good taste should actuate our professional men, who can afford to be courageously patient, from the knowledge that their principles seek not to do harm but to do good.

I enclose the sum of five hundred pounds, to be used by you as you may deem fit, for the furtherance of Homœopathy. Not wishing to inform you of my real name, I beg to subscribe myself,

Your friend and well-wisher,

A LOVER OF HOMŒOPATHY.

This was indeed a practical testimony of the appreciation of his efforts by some unknown friend. He would have been more than human not to have felt gratified. This sum would enable him to put into execution a plan which he had conceived for opening a homœopathic hospital in the town, and remove an obstacle which until now had impeded its realisation. It would have afforded great pleasure had he known where to return thanks for so great a favour, but as there was no clue to guide him in identifying the donor, this of course was impossible. He trusted, however,

that some day one of the many chapters of accidents would reveal to him his unknown benefactor. As this piece of good fortune would be sure to interest the friends of the cause, he took the earliest opportunity to call on the Jamiesons, at whose house he was glad to meet Mrs. Fraser.

"My dear Mrs. Jamieson," he observed, "you were good enough to predict the best of results from my lecture, but I question whether even your sanguine expectations embraced such a golden result as this!" He handed her the letter and desired her to read it aloud. She did so. It must be confessed that Mr. and Mrs. Jamieson exhibited greater signs of astonishment and pleasure than did Mrs. Fraser, who contented herself by remarking, "Who can it be?"

"Does the writing afford no clue?" asked Mr. Jamieson.

"Here's the letter; try," said his wife.

Mr. Jamieson looked at it attentively and remarked, "I am convinced the writer is a lady. The hand is evidently disguised, but for all that, it is a lady's."

"That makes it all the more perplexing," observed Mrs. Fraser. "Can't you, among the circle of your lady acquaintances, fix upon one as the writer?"

"I can think of no one at all likely to be guilty of such an act, unless it be yourself or Mrs. Jamieson," half jokingly remarked the doctor.

"What I, doctor!" replied Mrs. Jamieson. "Much as I value Homœopathy, I must confess I have not the means to act so munificently towards it. No, you must look elsewhere."

Mrs. Fraser sat and knitted and laughed good-humouredly, and after a little pause, said, "I'm sure you couldn't have pitched upon two more unlikely persons. I'm afraid you will have to be patient, the truth may ooze out some day."

"Well, I suppose I must," replied Dr. Lowe. "However, I want to ask your opinion about a plan I have had in my mind for some time past. What do you say to a homœopathic hospital?"

"Famous!" observed Mr. Jamieson; "that's just what is wanted. I'll add thirty pounds to provide one bed for the year."

"Oh, thank you! I'm delighted that you should so readily fall in with my views."

"I'll provide another bed," remarked Mrs. Fraser, "and I fancy a friend of mine will do the same."

"Your kindness is great, my dear Mrs. Fraser. Now Roe and I can manage it between us. Where do you suppose a suitable house can be had?" asked Dr. Lowe.

"I know of a place which will suit admirably; and if you and the ladies wish it, I will go at once to show it you," replied Mr. Jamieson.

There was a general assent to this proposal, and in a short time the friends were on their way to inspect the premises selected by Mr. Jamieson.

They were pronounced just the thing for a hospital, into which they could be easily converted at a slight expense.

"I know the owner," remarked Mr. Jamieson; "and I can safely say that as regards the rent he will not press you too heavily."

"Suppose I leave it to you, then, Jamieson, to arrange. As soon as you have settled that matter, Roe and I will see to the immediate conversion of the house into a hospital."

The ladies expressed their unqualified assent to all the proposals; and thus this impromptu committee quickly arranged all the preliminaries. In due time all was in order, and six beds were in readiness for that number of patients.

Dr. Ogilvie found it impossible to make head against the reaction which had set in against him; his opposition to Dr. Lowe, and the slanderous reports which he had circulated, were not forgotten, and he was now reaping the fruit of his ungenerous behaviour towards an old friend. Under these circumstances he thought it advisable to leave the town for London, and for a long time nothing was heard of him.

Nearly three years had elapsed since Dr. Lowe had parted from the Hathaways, when he received a pressing invitation from a very old friend, a Dr. Lardner, to visit him in London. They were much attached; they had passed through the same trials, and the mutual sympathy which those trials had evoked had increased their regard for each other.

Dr. Lardner also had forsaken Allopathy, and was in possession of a very comfortable homœopathic practice in a fashionable part of the metropolis. His invitation was readily accepted, and in due time the two friends were together again. There was much to tell. Each had tasted of the bitterness of life. Both were firmly attached to the principles they had advocated.

"I've been thinking," said Dr. Lardner, "how many events can be crowded into a short space of time. Had any one told me three years ago that I should have passed through the trying times that have lately come upon me, I should have found it impossible to believe him."

"That's my experience. But I would not reverse the past. I have suffered, but I have also experienced solace in the duties of my new sphere."

"Is it not astonishing how really intelligent, clever men, can traduce Homœopathy?"

"I agree with you. But I was open to the same charge three years ago."

"It is gratifying to observe, however, that the new school is slowly but surely making its way, and neither ridicule nor contempt impedes its progress."

"I believe ignorance to be at the root of all the objections to Homœopathy. Persons cavil at the infinitesimal properties of homœopathic medicines without seeing that in other forces of nature there is a similarity to the very thing they sneer at. I cannot but smile at Allopaths and their objection to the principles of Homœopathy when I read of such an extraordinary fact as this. There is an establishment in Paris where a little flock of goats and asses is most carefully raised. The animals are subjected to mercurial frictions. Small doses of calomel are administered to them, and their milk is given to persons who are suffering from diseases usually treated by mercury, but whose constitutions are too enfeebled to take this medicine in massive doses. I should like to know if chemical tests would

discover mercury in this milk. What is, perhaps, the most astonishing part of the affair is, that the establishment is under allopathic direction. Children at the breast, in the Necker Hospital, are also treated by this method of physiological dynamisation: these means succeed, and—they dare avow it!"

"And what renders the strange inconsistency of men still more apparent is that they do not scruple to prescribe the use of mineral waters freely, although a chemical analysis proves them to contain only infinitesimal medicinal properties. Very recently I read the opinion of one of our opponents respecting these waters. He says, 'Let us not attribute too much power to mineral waters, lest we furnish a new argument to Homœopaths.' It is worse than folly on their part to object on principle to what they themselves value in certain complaints."

"Just so. I remember hearing of a remarkable fact in connection with our subject. Professor Bonelli, of Turin, caused a puncture to be made in an animal with the tooth of a rattlesnake. The head of this serpent had lain in a dry state, exposed to the air and dust, fifteen or sixteen years at least, and, moreover, had previously been preserved more than thirty years in spirits of wine. To his great astonishment, and that of his pupils, the animal died an hour afterwards. That mineral poisons likewise produce injury to health, though received into the system in very minute quantities, is equally capable of proof. Drinking-water containing lead in the proportion of 1 grain to 9 gallons, as shown by Mr. Herapath's analytical examination,

that was used by the inhabitants of a village in the west of England, produced serious effects upon their health, plainly traceable to the water, for only those who drank this water were so affected. Again, the inappreciable emanations of arsenic, from wall-papers of a peculiar green shade, are well known to produce deleterious effects upon persons in health. Can we marvel, then, that equally small quantities of medicinal agents should produce beneficial effects upon persons in a state of disease, when a heightened susceptibility exists in the body, or in some part of it? This increased susceptibility is a vital point in Homœopathy, but one that is always ignored by Allopaths, and hence the usual derision excited by the small dose. It would be as fair, however, to state, to the discredit of photography, that light has no chemical action on paper, whilst ignoring the fact that a preparation of the paper, corresponding with the preparation of the body by disease, is a presupposed condition without which no action is anticipated from either of the agents.

“We can also select a very popular medicine as affording ample proof that homœopathic medicines are efficacious despite the smallness of the dose. It is cod-liver oil; the oil is food, but if that were all, other fats might do as well—cream for instance; but there is something else. It acts medicinally by virtue of the iodine it contains. And in what proportions? *Two milligrammes* to a quart!!! And a similar division and subdivision of homœopathic remedies, by trituration of the metals, and by succussion and dilution of the tinctures, facilitates their action upon the nerves,

or their reception into the capillary system of our bodies by means of blood-vessels so minute as to require the aid of the microscope for their examination.

"In short, numberless facts could be adduced to prove what Allopaths deny. It is consoling, however, to know that they can do us but little harm; for, thanks to the cheap and excellent treatises on Homœopathy, issued by very able men of our school, people are daily becoming enlightened."

The reader can gather from the foregoing conversation that the objection to Homœopathy, because of the smallness of the dose it prescribes, is not a fatal one by any means, but arises simply from ignorance of the workings of nature, in many cases so subtle as to elude the grosser senses, but yet perfectly intelligible and tangible to the diligent seeker into her mysterious properties and powers.

Dr. Lowe was detained in London a few days longer than he anticipated, owing to the indisposition of his friend.

Late one stormy night, a summons came for Dr. Lardner to attend an old gentleman who was taken very seriously ill. As it would have been highly imprudent for him to venture out on such a night, Dr. Lowe offered his services.

He followed the messenger, from whom he could glean nothing beyond that "It was a very old gen'elman, taken wery ill suddenly," with which piece of information he was obliged to content himself until arriving at the house.

He was met at the door by a servant, who, on seeing him, turned to the messenger and said,

"This is not Dr. Tribe, James: how stupid of you to call the wrong person!"

"How be I to know? You toud me to go straight on to a reddish light; and now I be a stupid for doing so!"

The servant, however, did not heed James's defence or remonstrance, but having asked Dr. Lowe for his name, begged him to be seated while she went upstairs to her mistress. In a few moments the following conversation reached his ears:

"Well, Mary, is that the doctor?"

"Yes, miss, but not Dr. Tribe. James fetched the first doctor he could find. He's waiting in the hall, and this is his card."

"How very stupid of him! Who is the gentleman?" There was a pause, and then the lady desired her servant to show the doctor up, with audible signs of agitation in her voice. An observer might also have noticed indications of emotion in Dr. Lowe; and no wonder, he had recognised the voice of Clara Hathaway.

Dr. Lowe's duty to the patient he was called in to see at so unseasonable an hour took some of its embarrassment from this unexpected meeting, and he immediately remarked:

"I sincerely trust your father's illness—for I presume it is for him I have been summoned—is not serious, Miss Hathaway!"

This formal speech had the effect of checking Clara's emotion, who replied with some effort,

"I'm afraid he is seriously ill, sir; he has had a fit, and is still insensible."

And turning to the servant, she dismissed her, and led the way to the sick room. The case was urgent, and required prompt attention; there was no time, therefore, for further conversation, eager as both were to renew it.

An appropriate remedy was administered, and in the space of half an hour Dr. Hathaway evinced signs of returning consciousness. He was slightly delirious, and altogether too ill and confused to notice the presence of Dr. Lowe. After assuring himself that there was no immediate danger, the latter left directions for the proper administration of the medicine, and turned to take leave.

"There is no urgent danger, Miss Hathaway," he said; "and with rest and quiet, and the medicine I have given, I hope your father will soon be better."

"Thank you, sir," was all Clara could utter, her feelings being no longer under control.

"Clara, may I still call you by that fondly cherished name?" asked Dr. Lowe; "or have time and absence obliterated the affection of the past?"

"Oh, Charles, how can you wrong me by such a thought! I have never ceased to love you."

"Forgive me, Clara; but this meeting has been so unexpected, that I felt as an intruder, and could not at once resume my former footing."

Then mutual explanations cleared away all formality and embarrassment, so that before leaving—and he prolonged his stay a *little* more than he might have done—Clara Hathaway and Dr. Lowe were once more what they had been to each other ere the bitter trials

of the past three years had arisen to mar their happiness.

"I will call early in the morning, Clara, and hope to find your father better. Should he recover consciousness do not tell him that I am attending him, the shock might be too great for him. Besides, you know," he added, with an arch look, "he might still be averse to homœopathic treatment."

Clara smiled; such happiness had not been hers for many a day. Nor did James's share in bringing about the auspicious event go unrewarded, but something which looked very much like a sovereign was handed to him on behalf of his young mistress, to his great amazement and delight.

"Mistress says that you did perfectly right, James, and she sent you this to reward you."

"There now, I tou'd you I bean't no stupid, for I went straight to the reddish light. God bless mistress for her kindness; won't my old 'oman be rare glad at at my uncommon good luck!" And he marched away in triumph, muttering with an air of superiority, "I bean't no stupid anyhow, and mistress thinks so too."

In the course of three days Dr. Hathaway was fully restored to consciousness, and recognised Clara.

"You have been very, very ill, dear papa, and do you know you have been attended by a very old friend, whom you've not seen for years. Promise me now not to be excited, and I'll tell you who it is;" and Clara, who loved her father very dearly, stooped down and kissed him affectionately.

"I feel that I have been seriously ill, my darling but who is this old friend—not Palmer, is it?"

"No, guess again. You can't? Well, then, it's Dr. Lowe. He was staying at a friend's close by, and the messenger went there instead of to Dr. Tribe's; so now you know all about it."

The old gentleman was certainly amazed but not excited, for his feelings towards Lowe had undergone a favourable change; and despite his illness he could not help being witty, as he remarked, "I can see he has done some one good besides myself, for you look much improved, my dear girl. There, I must give in, for this is the second time I've been treated by Homœopathy." After a pause, for the effort of conversing somewhat exhausted him, he asked, "Is Lowe in the house? I should like to see him."

"Are you sure the meeting would not be too much for you, dear papa?"

"No, it would do me good."

In a short time, Dr. Lowe entered, and soon their hands were clasped. It was an affecting scene, this meeting between two friends so long estranged.

Dr. Hathaway was the first to speak. "Can you forgive," he said, "my past unkindness and harshness? I was too hasty and vindictive."

Before he could proceed any further with his apology, Dr. Lowe interrupted him:

"Pray don't mention it, my dear sir, I have never thought of you with bitterness, and freely forgive anything in which you think you have erred."

There was something in the look as well as in the words of the speaker, that quite reassured Dr. Hathaway, who warmly pressed his friend's hand in acknowledgment. They both felt so happy that there was not

the slightest room for any painful allusion to the past. Clara now came in, and all joined in cheerful conversation.

Dr. Hathaway, who was perfectly recovered in the course of a few days, gave Lowe a sketch of what had happened during the time of their estrangement. He had felt the rupture between them so keenly, that H—— and its associations became hateful to him, and he left it hastily for the Continent, where he wandered about from place to place, with no settled plan, vainly endeavouring to banish all thoughts of the past. All Clara's affectionate devices to wean him from these painful recollections were unavailing, and as a natural consequence this state of mind brought on a serious illness. Clara, being in a strange place with no friend to apply to, had to depend upon the persons with whom they were staying to procure medical advice. They called in a homœopathic practitioner, under whose treatment Dr. Hathaway speedily recovered. He was now forced to admit that there was a reality in Homœopathy, that it was no quackery; and this impression brought with it a better state of feeling for Dr. Lowe. Another circumstance which happened shortly afterwards quite removed his old dislike for Homœopathy. During his continental rambles he became acquainted with a celebrated allopathic physician, a Frenchman, who was profoundly skilled in ancient and modern literature, mathematics, chemistry, medicine, and law, was a professor of physical science at the Lyceum of Lyons, inspector of the academy, and who held a diploma of M.D. from the Faculty of Strasburg.

Unfortunately, this gentleman's wife was troubled

with a painful disease, for which many eminent men of the old school had failed to give relief. Hearing of Homœopathy, he wished to try it for her benefit; and though laughed at by his professional brethren for entertaining such an idea, the lady was treated by a celebrated homœopathic physician, and was restored to perfect health. This astonishing cure won him over to Homœopathy; he studied its principles, followed the clinical instruction of the military hospital of La Charité at Naples, returned to his own place, resolving henceforth to devote the whole of his time to making it known, and was mainly instrumental in spreading a knowledge of its doctrines throughout France. Since then, it may be added, a gold medal has been struck to his memory, and he has received the Star of the Legion of Honour.

Such a case, when taken in connection with that of his old friend Dr. Lowe, convinced Dr. Hathaway that both had acted rightly in embracing Homœopathy. Of course with the removal of the cause of dislike, returning affection was entertained for the object of it, and his first impulse was to write and acquaint Dr. Lowe of his altered sentiments, but pride forbade it. He returned to London, and was meditating how he could best bring about a reconciliation with his friend, when he became ill. The rest is known to the reader.

It was arranged that Dr. Hathaway and Clara should accompany Dr. Lowe on his return home. The evening before starting, the latter, with his friend Dr. Lardner, were walking down Regent Street, when they met

Dr. Ogilvie. Dr. Lowe immediately held out his hand, which was accepted; and Dr. Lardner, excusing himself for a short time, left them together. Ogilvie confessed that he had failed in establishing a practice, and was literally starving. Before parting, Lowe took his address, and the following day a cheque for a hundred pounds reached Ogilvie from one who signed himself his old friend, Charles Lowe. This was generous conduct, far different from that of Ogilvie when Lowe was brought within the shadow of adversity. It is so, however, with all noble minds; from them an enemy in prosperity fails to evoke any acknowledgment of sympathy; but as soon as that enemy suffers adversity and is deserted by sunshiny friends their aid is invariably extended with a generosity which ignores the past.

After bidding his old friend Dr. Lardner farewell, he left for home in company with Dr. Hathaway and Clara. This reconciliation called forth the congratulations of all his friends, and was the gossip of the town also. Need it be added that, in a short time, Clara Hathaway became Mrs. Lowe? It was a happy marriage, and the tide of prosperity from this time ran strongly in favour of Dr. Lowe. His wife also presented him with several connubial pledges, with whom "grandpa Hathaway" was a prime favourite. A sad event, however, occurred about five years after his marriage. This was the death of his esteemed friend Mrs. Fraser. She had overworked herself during the prevalence of an epidemic fever, had caught the disease, and succumbed to it. A disclosure was made about this time that somewhat surprised him.

"My dear doctor," she said, "it was I who wrote to you enclosing the five hundred pounds. You forgive the deception, don't you?"

He was so overpowered that he could not thank her, but the silent pressure of his hand did so more eloquently than words could have done. This unobtrusive manner of conferring aid was just in keeping with the whole tenor of her life. She at least did not sound a trumpet before her when she gave her alms, but with her the natural benevolence of a warm heart, enriched by divine grace, worked quietly and unostentatiously. Her last moments were soothed by the presence of assembled friends, to whom the calm and trustful resignation of her spirit into the hands of her Saviour, afforded a lesson that might well be stored up in the memory for a dying day. A good Christian, and, therefore, a good woman, of her it could be truly said, "The memory of the just is blessed."

Every public demonstration of respect was shown to her memory, and a long train of mourners, both rich and poor, followed her body to its last home. When her will was opened, it was found that, after amply providing for the subsistence of those who had been through life pensioners upon her bounty, she left the residue of her fortune to the homœopathic hospital, nominating Dr. Lowe as its head during his lifetime, and assigning him a handsome salary. Her wishes were fully carried out, and twenty beds in all were provided. Dr. Lowe did not forget his colleague in the work of the hospital, but liberally remunerated Dr. Roe for his services. Nothing further

remains to be told ; except that Dr. Hathaway commenced the study of Homœopathy in his old age, and made sufficient progress to be at length able to assist his son-in-law ; and the names of Doctors Lowe and Hathaway, on a brass plate, announced their partnership. As time went on, so did the friends of Homœopathy increase, and by their warm adherence evinced their sense of the blessings it brought to suffering humanity.

It may not be out of place to add that on a certain day in each year, the Lowes, the Jamiesons, and a few others, visited a grave in the vicinity, to strew it with fresh flowers and wreaths of immortelles. Need it be added that it was the tomb of Mrs. Fraser, whose munificence bore lasting fruit, by means of the hospital which she had founded ?

Reader, if you only knew whom to address, you might learn from trustworthy lips a verification of what has been written in these pages.

Our narrative is ended. The character of a truly good man has been exemplified in Dr. Lowe. Though tried, he was not found wanting in the cause he had espoused ; his firmness, conscientiousness, and consistent Christian conduct proved powerful in overcoming great obstacles, converting enemies into friends, and leading many to adopt his principles. Any cause might well be proud of such a man, and any man might well be proud of such a cause as Homœopathy.*

* As for those who prefer anything which has *prestige* and the *éclat* of antiquity and fashion, rather than that which is most useful and scientific, although "heterodox," we make them welcome to their

Let its disciples but emulate the conduct of Dr. Lowe; like him, let them not be weary in well doing, but work on with patience, assured that success will attend their efforts, and their reward will not be withheld. Homœopathy recommends itself; it already numbers among its adherents men of learning, who can ably defend its principles; it goes quietly but swiftly to the goal of success; and not many years hence its fame will be matchless—its triumph complete.

On those whose dislike to Homœopathy is based upon hearsay, we urge the duty which candour imposes, of testing it fully and fairly for themselves, with the assurance that experience will constrain them also to confess that only a proper trial of Homœopathy is needed to ensure its adoption.

choice, so long as they think themselves sufficiently compensated by the *éclat*. It is said that the late eminent French surgeon Nélaton was out shooting one day with a friend, when the latter had the misfortune to discharge the contents of his gun-barrel into the leg of a countryman who was within shot. Nélaton was prompt to extract the shot, but the man expressed himself very strongly to the gentleman who had injured him; whereupon the exasperated sportsman exclaimed, "And you have the conscience to complain when I have procured for you the honour of being attended by the great Nélaton for nothing!" The public care less about the *éclat* of the "time-honoured traditions of orthodox medicine," than about the speedy and pleasant cure of their ailments; the former is no compensation to them for the absence of the latter; and this fact the "orthodox" school has begun to find out.

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